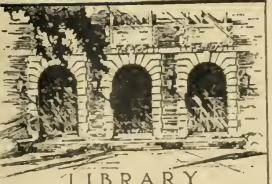

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THE

MAN OF SORROW.

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THE

MAN OF SORROW.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ALFRED ALLENDALE, ESQ.

"He was a MAN OF SORROW, and acquainted with Grief."

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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THE

MAN OF SORROW.

CHAPTER I.

LIBERTY was now his own, and Edward felt the full enjoyment of it—he pursued his way, thinking equally of Milton, Wilding, and Harriet, for let him be where he might, or in whatsoever situation, the image of that lovely girl was still before him.

Fearful of pursuit, he frequently turned back to look if he was followed, and at length to his surprise, found himself on the side of a turnpike road evidently much frequented.

Trembling at the idea of being detected in his flight, and being dragged back only to death, he resolved to obtain shelter in a cottage, which he happened to reach immediately after his arrival on the road, and to remain concealed till the darkness of the evening afforded him an opportunity of following his way towards some town, whence he could proceed to London, in the bustle of which city he might remain with fewer chances of discovery, than in a less frequented place, where every unknown character is a suspected one, and where the sole business of the inhabitants is to find out if possible, who, and what the new member of their community may be.

Having made up his mind to this step, he walked boldly to the cottage door, which was open and accosting an old woman, who was spinning in the only room the *ground floor* of the house, boasted, asked her if she would give him shelter till the evening, saying, that he

was very much fatigued, and wished to rest his limbs, and that he would reward her well for her compliance.

"Reward," said the old woman. "What do you mean by reward, young gentleman? you are my superior, I am sure by your manners; but if you were a king or a beggar, so long as I had a cottage to live in, and you were in distress, the door should be open to you."

"Thanks, my kind woman," said the grateful Musgrave.

"I am alone now," continued she,—"but I am not the only inhabitant of this little cottage.—My daughter, Martha, (as good a girl, sir, as ever lived), shares my crust and my labour. We spin, sir, all day, and that with thirty pounds a year, allowed me by our good clergyman here, supports us happily."

"And where is your daughter gone," said Edward, "Why, sir—she is gone to see a sight of which I know she'll be heartily sick before she returns; she is gone to

see a young gentleman hanged for murdering his friend. I told her," said the old woman, "that she had better stay where she was, but she has gotten a sweetheart, and when Robert Hayes said she had better go, I knew which she would rather do, and so I let her follow her inclinations."

Musgrave was a little agitated at this speech of his landlady's, and his trepidation did not decrease, when she continued by saying,

"I wish they were returned with all my heart, for I want sadly to go to the parsonage house—where my poor master, I am afraid, is dying!"

"Who is he?" enquired Musgrave—

"Oh—sir—the best gentleman that ever lived, Mr. Wilding; he is very old and almost blind, but he is so kind to me, I nursed all his children, sir, and his daughter Miss Fanny, and my girl Martha were playfellows together, till Lady—(I forget the lady's name) came

here and took a fancy to her and carried her to London."

Edward was astonished at the old woman's recital, and wishing to know if the report of his wife's conduct had reached the family, enquired whether Miss Wilding was now in town.

"Miss Wilding, sir!" said the old cottager. "Would to my heart she *was* Miss Wilding. She has been married, sir, but nobody knows what has become of her, for she has left her husband; and her sister Mary here has never heard a word from her these six months,—her poor good father, sir, is too blind to read, and they tell him they get letters from her, to prevent his knowing the shame of his favourite child."

"She was the favourite then," said Edward, interested by the words of the woman who had named his wife.

"Yes, sir, said she—both of father and mother,—while she was a little girl, she had every thing she wished for, was in-

dulged in every desire, gratified in every fancy—she was taken round to all the neighbouring houses to be admired and flattered—she was told while at the age of seven years how to use her eyes—she was made to dance and to sing in company, and brought forward with all the airs of a girl of eighteen; her rudeness was called sprightliness, her boldness animation, and she received a kiss and a pat on the cheek from her mother, for actions which deserved the severest correction."

Here, thought Edward, are the early causes of the baleful effects I have experienced.

"Her sister Mary," continued old Mrs. Davis—"sir, was just as much neglected, as the other was noticed. She was a plain child and her mother never liked her. She was left at home, while her younger sister usurped her place; and after Miss Fanny went away, so shamefully did the disposition to dislike increase in Mrs. Wilding, that she forced her willing hus-

band, under pretence of poverty, to place her out as an apprentice to a milliner at Bodmin—worried, oppressed and despised, she remained in that shameful situation till the death of her mother, when her father took her to his breast, like a good dear man as he is, and she, sir, is the best, the worthiest, the kindest creature in the world."

"How long has Mrs. Wilding been dead?"

"It is now nearly five years, sir," said the hostess—"she was a sad sad woman, sir.—We should never speak ill of the dead, but she never was a good wife to her husband; she was the most spiteful being that ever lived, and with all the malice that any body *could* possess, had art enough to make friends of all the people in the neighbourhood, and when Lady——Rosemore, sir, (that's the name) came to live here, and Lady Eliza her daughter died, she was so anxious to have her darling Fanny the

countess's favourite, that she actually made her think the child doated on her as much as herself, and if you'll believe me—one day before her ladyship took her into her house, I heard the mother call the Earl a rogue and a fool, and the Countess something much worse.

"What did Mrs. Wilding die of?"—enquired our hero.

"She died, sir, of vexation and remorse—Mr. Wilding, sir, had a curate who lived in the house with him, and *did his duty* for him when he was ill, and I am mistaken sir, if Fanny was not a nearer relation of *his* than of Mr. Wilding's—and it seems that Mrs. Wilding, sir, always thought that this Mr. Harvin (for that was his name) would marry her after her husband's death, which she had reckoned on for a certainty, a long time before her own, and her disorder was occasioned by spite and remorse on her hearing that Harvin was married to a young lady in the North of England, with a large fortune;—she was a wicked

woman, and her case being such that she could not complain to the world, her stifled vexation brought on a fever, and she died of a *mortification*."

It must have been a *mortification* indeed, Edward *would have* thought, if he had been in a humour for punning.

"As for Miss Mary," continued she, "she is going to be married to young Mr. Bradley, a gentleman of large fortune, who has sense enough to know goodness when he sees it; and now her poor father has been this morning taken so ill, that they don't think he can live."

My God, thought Edward, and I am the cause of his indisposition—It was I who imparted the secret of his daughter's conduct. It was I who must be answerable for his death, before the awful tribunal of heaven.

"But here," cried the kind Mrs. Davis, "comes my daughter—sly young baggage, she has left her Robert at the end of the lane, to make me believe that he don't care

for her, for she knows I'd rather she should not marry yet."

She had hardly finished this speech before Martha entered—She was a fine healthy looking girl with a pair of sparkling black eyes, and a profusion of curling brown hair; and with an old red cloak thrown over her shoulders, resembled exactly a woman of *haut ton*; for so anxious are our dashing belles for an equality of dress that when they find that market women and cottagers' daughters cannot afford clothes like their's, they kindly remove the difficulty and adopt the wearing of those which they can.

Martha soon disclosed the secret of Musgrave's escape, and added that parties were sent round the country to retake him. After which information, Mrs. Davis looking at Musgrave and then at her daughter, she preferred sending her to the parsonage to going herself and leaving them together; for she thought (and wisely too) that he being rather a handsome young man, and

Martha but flesh and blood, the safest mode of preventing her getting into mischief, was not to leave her in the way of temptation ; she therefore dispatched her child to Mr. Wilding's, and Musgrave sat himself down again with the old lady, who appeared far above the level of cottagers in general.

In a few minutes a noise roused them from their quietude, and in a moment Edward judged the cause,—he was right, the men who were searching for him were at the door armed with weapons and warrants for taking him.

" Oh," cried she—" here are the men who are after the murderer. I must let them in."

" Stay," said Musgrave, starting towards the door—" would you betray me?"

" You !" said the woman—

" Yes—I—AM THE MAN THEY SEEK FOR."

" A murderer !"

" No—I am *innocent*."

"I believe you—"

"Will you betray me?"

"No—you trusted *me*—I will protect *you*—hide in that bed," said she; he threw himself on the pallatte, his kind patroness covered him with the cloathes—the knock at the door was repeated—she opened it—

"Where is the man?"—said the first fellow who accosted her—

"What man?"—said she.

"The man we are in search of."

"I know of no man—"

"'Tis false—we must examine."

"Do you doubt me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Your daughter told us there *was* a man here—we must have him delivered up."

It was a thunderbolt to her—she was confused—Edward heard it all—he was about to relieve her, and give himself up, when she replied with assumed calmness —"it is so—he *is* here—but he has paid me well for hiding him."

False woman, thought Edward—" He is now," continued she, " up stairs in the back room—under the bed—but you had all three better go up, for he is armed for resistance."

Generous soul, thought our hero—" Tis well," said a second man.—" Silence —Let us all go up together, we'll have him now—come on." They obeyed, and proceeded up the stairs—there was a door at the foot of them; they were no sooner past it, than the generous creature instantly shut it, and as she double locked it, cried to Musgrave—

" There is your way—fly—begone—I promised to save you, and I will—run to the parsonage—you will be sheltered there; tell them the story.—May God protect you if innocent, and pardon you if guilty."

He kissed her hand—and followed the path she pointed out—he ran—the men were coming down—still they could not see him—she held the door—he was out of

sight—she threw it open—and they surrounded her.

"You have told us a lie," said one of them, "the man is not up stairs."

"I know it," said she, "nor downstairs neither, thanks be to heaven."

"What?—he is *here*."

"Not he—"

"Has he been here?"

"He has," replied she; "but I have saved him, and you will never see him again."

"Then you shall go with us to Bodmin," said the man.

"With all my heart," said she, "and if it be necessary I will be hanged for him—I can DIE without fear,—but I could not give up the fellow creature who had confided himself to my protection."

"Come along then," said the man.

"Wait till my child returns at any rate," answered Mrs. Davis, "she will be back directly."

"You had better leave the woman alone,"

said another of the pursuers, "and go on in search of the prisoner—"

"Aye, aye," added a third—"never mind her, come on."

"Well, as you please," replied the first—and with a hearty curse for robbing them of the reward—they walked out of the cottage.

The world is full of treachery and deceit—few are there so just, as this honest cottager.—Pompey was faithful to the pirates, and Augustus to Crocotas, but it is not every breast that contains such hearts as their's.

The noblest of spirits may inspire the humblest of beings—and Martha Davis was a monarch from her acts.

Faith is the bond by which society exists; it is "the very foundation of justice, it unites mankind together and with truth is the most sacred endowment of the human mind."*

* Nihil augustius fide quæ justitiæ fundamentum est—
Sanctissimum humani pectoris bonum." Tully.

So thought the humble tenant of the lowly cottage—she trembled—she panted —she saw the blood hunters depart—she burst into tears—she had saved a life —what would I have given to have felt her sensations—they are inexplicable—she was easier after her feelings had vent—and looking round to see that she was not observed, she followed Musgrave to the parsonage.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD reached Wilding's house in safety, and on the servant's opening the door he enquired for his master, whom he found was hardly expected to live out the next hour—he therefore requested to speak to Miss Wilding—his request was complied with, the young lady left her father's bed side and entered the parlor.

There was an œconomy, a neatness, and an elegance about the room that marked its master for a man of taste—it was a simple cottage parlour, the cieling low, and the paper yellow—a few classical prints elegantly arranged, were the ornaments of its walls; and, in short, it completely reminded Edward of the little room in which he had first clasped

his angelic Harriet to his breast in her mother's villa.

Objects and tunes instantly recal circumstances to the imagination which were nearly half forgotten, and an engraving which happened to adorn this apartment, brought to his mind incidents which he would have loved to have dwelt on for hours, had not the entrance of Mary Wilding diverted his attention.

What a contrast to her sister—fair, delicate, interesting; and, retiring, it was with difficulty she could raise her sensible blue eyes from the ground to hear Musgrave's self-introduction; he briefly told her his name, and the circumstances in which he was involved.

He disclosed to her his having made her father acquainted with her sister's misconduct, and implored her to ask his permission to attend at his bed side to administer comfort, if possible, to him in his last moments.

Mary wept—at the recital of her

Fanny's vice—Musgrave took her hand, pressed it and advised her to dry her tears for the present, and attend to her parent who needed her kindest assistance.

The innocent girl obeyed the mild mandate of Musgrave, for whom she felt an immediate prepossession, his manners were such as must endear him to those with whom he had any intercourse—he was a superior young man.

She led him to the chamber of the dying Mr. Wilding, who, on the name of Musgrave being mentioned, had just strength enough to hold out his hand to our hero, who instinctively dropped upon one knee, and, kissing it, received from its unstained palm the blessing of a dying Christian."

"Musgrave," said the dear old man, "we have been but little acquainted—Our personal knowledge has been short—how you have escaped from the prison I cannot conceive—that you may eventually be freed from the punishment

which I hope even now you do not merit, is my last prayer—Oh, my dear young man—forgive my poor deluded Fanny. I have heard *all* since you disclosed a *little* to me, I was deceived into a belief of her goodness—but I am to blame—she was ruined by her education, and let me bear the curses she has deserved at your hand."—Here the dying man's breath failed him, and he leaned back to recover his strength—in a few minutes he raised himself again, and began to speak to the distressed young man who still knelt at his side.

"I know," said he," I am dying—I feel the pangs of approaching dissolution strong upon me, and yet I can regard the last moment of my life with perfect composure—Yes, Edward, I can leave the world without a sigh, without a tear —I have seen and known its ways long enough to be tired of them, I have no desire to live any longer.

"To part with my dear child—(I dare

not say children)—is all I grieve at—but not for the poor girl herself, for as I have lived in the fear and love of God, so do I put my trust in him to guard, protect, and keep her—he is her true, her first father, without *his* blessing all my cares would have been futile, she lives by his bounty and is preserved by his mercy—he will not withdraw either when she needs them most.

"For myself I am going from a world of sin, to a region of uncontrouled liberty, to a perpetual day where the sun never sets. I am to be relieved from bondage and made free. I am going to be delivered from death in death; and to rise from mortal ills to immortal happiness.

"Were I to grieve, my dear friend—and repine at my fate, I should be the most ungrateful of God's creatures—Death is natural, unavoidable, necessary, just and reasonable; to murmur then at its approach is an offence against justice, reason and na-

ture—hear me, my children," said he to Mary and Musgrave—" and learn to—"

He would have proceeded—but a convulsive struggle with death prevented him, and it was some time before he had gained strength enough to go on; he at length turned his eyes upon the sorrowing attendants, and in a low voice continued his address,

" My kind children, if a dying man's admonitions can be of service to you, listen to me—in your course through the world, and you will find the path rough, —act upon the glorious principle of doing to others that which you would have them do to you.

" Respect and honour those whom the laws of your country have placed above you, but do it without the fawning officiousness by which the cringing fools of the world hope to gain the good graces of the great. There is a dignity in man, which such a line of conduct does not tend to support.

"My dear Mary," said the old man—taking her hand and kissing it fervently —"I know the object of your wishes—Bradley is a good, a worthy member of society—he shall have you and with you all I have to give—my blessing—"

Mary sobbed out an answer.

"For your sister—take her as an example—and be assured that the lesson I teach, experience has taught me;—a girl early thrust forward into the world, made to believe her own talents the most extraordinary, dragged into company at the time she should be in the nursery, encouraged in impertinent freedoms, which are dignified by the title of innocent witticisms, instructed in the art of speaking and looking before she can read or write, and flattered by the fond foolish acquaintances of her infatuated mother, will always prove a spirited woman—by which I mean to say she will prove a tyrant, a shrew and a *philosopher;* names tenderly given to qualities which in my younger

days were known by titles of a much grosser nature.

" Guard against the fatal follies your own parents have been guilty of—when you become a mother, act the prudent mother's part.

" Point out to your offspring the objects you would wish them to attain—urge them to pursue the path which leads to them with ardor—by reason and argument instruct them, display to them the gracefulness of virtue, and the deformity of vice, encourage their exertions by commendation and reward,—but be sparing of manual punishment—argue your children into duty, and if you do not succeed by fair and open remonstrance, correction will avail you little; on such of God's creatures as are not endowed with reason blows may have effect, but on a thinking rational being theywill have none.

" As a wife too, my Mary, keep Fanny before you—would I could say as an original whence to copy, but no, she has forfeited

all her friends and connections by her misconduct—take that conduct therefore as a *warning*.

"Treat your husband with respect as a master while you adore him as a man—for a woman to imagine a deference to her husband, is derogatory to her *dignity*, is the weakest thing in the world.—She should implicitly comply with his wishes, and be as it were a mirror, wherein his image might be reflected.

"She should have no thought concealed; no design nor desire hidden from his knowledge—she should unite her heart, her soul, her mind, with his at the moment the rites of the church unite their bodies; —deception once suffered to take root grows with the day, and ends in all the infamy—which—Fan—ny—has"

Here the recollection of his daughter's disgrace and misconduct, threw him into a strong convulsion, from which he never recovered, and the words "God bless—

you" were the last he ever uttered in this world.

The grim king of terrors had planted his dart in the pious father's breast, and the lips which had "e'en now," moved with virtuous precepts were closed for ever.

Poor Mary fell senseless on her parent's corpse—it was still warm—she fancied he was alive—but no—the last struggle was over, and as his life had been excellent, so his dissolution was heavenly.

The last hour is the one which determines the truth of devotion, and the reality of man's virtue. His sentiments, his manners, are in all times capable of deception and hypocrisy, but at the moment when the soul flutters on the breath, and is ready to wing its flight to heaven in a sigh, the mask is thrown off and nature appears without disguise.

Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo
Ejiciuntur, et eripitur personæ, manet res.*

* Lucret. Lib. 3.

Edward was deeply affected by the scene he had just witnessed, and was indulging in the sweet melancholy contemplation of the Christian's death-bed, when he was roused by the plaints of Mary, whose silent sorrow had at length burst into a loud lamentation—she clasped her father's cold and stiffened hand—the cold, cold dew of death was on his forehead. His mild eyes were closed—they had shone their last, and never could behold poor Mary again!

The placid smile of content was on his countenance; and heaven had marked his innocence in his features.—It was with difficulty his child would be torn from the body, while the cold limbs of her father were laid out upon his bed,—upon that bed—where!

But that is a figure we had better not pursue—he was a good husband, and performed the duties of one faithfully.

An undertaker from Bodmin arrived—

looked melancholy—blew his nose—entered the room where the body was—laid down his hat, pulled out his rule, and fell to measuring.

Musgrave, wholly unconscious of his situation, and entirely forgetful of his own sorrows, while alleviating those of Mary and her lover, who were too much affected to receive the man of mourning, still remained in the room.

The carpenter saw him—knew him.

"The devil take the carpenter!"

He had been at his trial, he looked at him—said nothing—thought the more, and the chances were against Edward's escape, for as the undertaker was the gallows-maker into the bargain, he not only would gain the reward by detecting him, but the profits upon the gibbet for hanging him, and the coffin in which he would be buried.

He therefore *took his measures* accordingly, flattering himself he should now hit the *right nail on the head*, he remained per-

fectly *mute*, and hoping to *feather* his nest well by the information, proceeded to the prison in the *gravest* manner possible, and informing the keeper where Musgrave's *body* was, they agreed to *take him up* immediately; the *service was accordingly performed*, in a manner suitable to so *palling an undertaking*.

The gaoler, attended by two officers, proceeded quietly to the parsonage, when on desiring to see Mr. Musgrave, the thoughtless young man went down stairs to them, and was immediately made a PRISONER!

His astonishment, his misery, and his horror at the event, were such as might be expected; but seeing the vanity of resistance, he requested one of the men to attend him to the parlour, that he might take leave of Mary, and assured them that he would accompany them immediately to the prison.

Accordingly the gaoler went with him as far as the door of the apartment

where the unhappy young man, taking an affectionate leave of his broken-hearted sister-in-law and her kind lover, surrendered himself voluntarily (when he found he could not help it) into the hands of justice.

On his arrival at the prison, he was conducted, not to the room whence he had escaped, but was led to a cell grated and barred in every part, where the evening sun which was then shining could not penetrate. His limbs were again shackled with fetters, and he was left to the charms of his own reflections, till the morning, when he was positively to be executed.

The night came on, and our hero from having sat up the whole of the preceding evening with the invalid under his care, felt the power of sleep most completely, for dropping his head on the table, with which his cell was furnished, he fell into a calm repose till eight o'clock in the morning, when he was called to the

chapel, his irons being knocked off in the way.

He attended to the service devoutly, and at a quarter past nine stept into the mourning coach, which was to conduct him to the place of execution, with the firmness of conscious innocence. He was drest in black, and carried in his hand a handkerchief with which he begged his face might be concealed in the agonies of death.

The procession moved solemnly along, and Edward now felt the courage in death a dying man had so lately inspired him with; he saw no terrors, he felt no fear—his sorrow was that he should never catch one glance again of Harriet; their separation was to be eternal.

Still his heart beat rapidly when he came in sight of the gallows—the lofty tree of justice was surrounded by a multitude of people anxiously waiting his arrival; and the peculiar circumstance of his escape, and the barbarity of his sup-

posed crime had irritated them so much against him, that their appearance was the most horrid—in their countenance there was not that look of pity which Edward's youth and person would be likely to inspire, but in every eye appeared a rankling spirit of animosity and hatred which the bare commission of a murder must excite in honest hearts, and which naturally was encreased, by the meanness and the villainy of the present act.

Bradley attended him in the coach, and on their arrival at the place of execution as Musgrave stepped upon the platform —he took an affectionate leave of him, and hastened from the spot. The gallows was erected close to the road side, and for publicity of situation could hardly be equalled.

Musgrave on ascending the scaffold which had been erected, requested not to be tied up till after his devotions were finished, in which service he was engaged when the tenant of a passing post-chaise

attracted by the *sight*, ordered the vehicle to approach the scene of death.

As the carriage drove up—Musgrave who had all along expected to hear from the Vincents in some way or other, cast his eyes wistfully to the window of it—He saw, yes, he saw—all that he could have desired upon earth, he saw the being, the seeing whom must save his life—he jumped forward and in an extacy cried out, —HE'S ALIVE, HE'S ALIVE—THE MAN I AM ACCUSED OF MURDERING IS ALIVE.

The multitude were silent and turned to the chaise, it was so—the door opened and in an instant MILTON WAS ON THE PLATFORM.

"Musgrave," cried the captain—"I have been a villain to you. If this be reparation, I am happy—I have saved you from an ignominious death." Musgrave in the warmth of his joy pressed him to his heart.—The mob caught the infection, and testified their happiness by three loud cheers.

Milton, in an election mode, told them in a full bawl, that he would return to the town, that he might account for the appearances against Musgrave, of whose being in his room even he assured them he was ignorant.

An English heart is capable of taking the liveliest impressions—the assembly saw in a moment the injury done to Musgrave—What atonement could they make, but shew him all the marks of honor in their power; they rushed forward round him as he descended from the stage, and uncontrouled and unmanageable as they were, they raised him on their shoulders and bore him back in triumph, and while one party levelled the gallows to the ground, another were equally busy in chopping it into logs, wherewith they proposed making a large bonfire in honor of Musgrave's preservation.

CHAPTER III.

On their return to the inn, the magistrates who had examined and committed Musgrave were summoned, and as luck would have it, one of the judges of the circuit, who had tried him was confined by illness, at the seat of a neighbouring nobleman, so that the business of liberation could be settled as soon as our hero's innocence could be legally ascertained, as satisfactorily, as it was already in equity.

The justices having, therefore, ranged themselves in the very room, where such terrible proofs of Edward's guilt had appeared, he entered their presence with sensations of a very different nature from

those which he had experienced, when there before.

The effect the appearance of Milton had upon the persons who were admitted to the examination was striking; instead of regarding Edward with horror and disgust, as the bloody murderer of a fellow creature, their countenances were turned towards him with a look of interest and anxiety, and in the eye of every auditor, their happiness at the change of his circumstances was visibly expressed.

That Musgrave was not guilty of the murder was naturally enough concluded by the bench of magistrates, when they heard the man he was accused of having *killed*, enter into a detail of circumstances; but their desire to know how a coincidence so complicated, and apparently so decisive could have taken place, induced them to investigate the matter, and with the greatest anxiety they sat to hear Milton elucidate the mystery, which had in-

volved, and nearly cost Musgrave his life.

The captain therefore stated to them that being very much in debt, he had formed the resolution of leaving England, and had actually sent his luggage on board a ship which was lying off the Lizard point, and to which a boat he had hired was to convey him on the morning when the murder was supposed to have taken place.

That when he awoke, he found the tenant of the other bed gone, he therefore resolved to make what haste he could, as he understood from the captain of the ſhip, that if the wind was fair, he intended to weigh anchor as soon after sunrise as possible.

Hurried in his operation of dressing, in pulling on his boots by the violent exertion it occasioned, he tore out a button hole in the knee of his breeches, and not being able to fasten the tops of the boots to their proper destination without it, he resolved to

turn taylor, and create a buttonhole in the room of the one he had destroyed.

He accordingly took his knife and proceeded to business, but not being perfectly *au fait* at the art, the instrument he was using slipped against his hand, and striking between the thumb and fore finger, made a wound of such considerable width and depth, that the effusion of blood was copious, and the pain intolerable.

In his anger against the cause of his torment, he threw the knife with all his force upon the floor—it flew under the bed where it was discovered, and whence it was produced as a *cutting* evidence against Musgrave.

The blood still flowed in torrents from his wound, and in the hopes of staunching it, he took one of his neckcloths and bound it round the finger, but the sanguineous stream soon found its way through the wrapper, and Milton seeing all efforts to stop the effusion vain, relinquished at

once the remedy and the design, resolving to let it bleed freely.

He still continued his dressing, and at length made his way down stairs, finding nobody was up, he felt for his pocket book to defray the bill he had incurred, when to his surprise he discovered that the stranger had made off with his great coat, and of course with the contents of its pockets.

At any other time he would have been inclined to have set the hue and cry about, and have had the thief apprehended, but at that moment he knew bailiffs were in the neighbourhood waiting for him, and he knew the opportunity of flight was temporary; an advantage which once let slip would never occur again, he therefore resolved to make off to the beach, and escape from the fangs of his needy creditors.

He went on, and reaching the water's edge, found the boat he had expected waiting for him, he stepped into it, and the

men he had engaged rowed off, but the ship was under weigh, and a fresh breeze springing up she was out of sight before they had cleared the land. This circumstance was another part of the evidence against our hero—not adduced in court. But when his having been on the beach was mentioned, the men who owned the boat, naturally conceived that Milton (who they saw was very anxious to escape), was the murderer, and on the hearing the account of this attempt at flight, they immediately set it down that Musgrave was the man who had hired them, and thus corroborated all the other testimonies against him.

Milton proceeded to state that on discovering the impossibility of reaching the vessel he had returned to the shore, and was seen landing from the boat by persons with glasses at the signal-post near the town, who immediately dispatched three men in pursuit of him, thinking him to be the perpetrator of the horrid deed,

about whom so much disturbance had been made.

He on the other hand, seeing the men coming down the cliff, imagined *they* were the bailiffs in *pursuit of him*, and leaped into a trench, where he remained concealed, and whence at a distance he saw a man (who proved afterward to be Musgrave) seized by those he considered as HIS pursuers, for what he imagined his debts.

Confident that the stranger's arrest proceeded from error, on the part of the officers, he still lay *perdue* till they were out of sight, knowing that when the mistake should be discovered, that the person now seized would be immediately liberated, without any inconvenience to any body but the captors, therefore he suffered him quietly to be taken, as it afterwards proved, prisoner for *his own murder*.

For the great coat, it seemed that Musgrave's and Milton's were ofsimilar colours, makes and sizes; and that Musgrave, in

his hurry, had mistaken Milton's for his own, and thus in his usual style of luck had involved himself in an affair which nothing but the very interposition of Providence could have prevented from taking his life.

Milton had remained still hidden at a fisherman's house in another village, and had never heard the name of the person Musgrave was accused of murdering, till he reached the gallows, where he snatched his enemy from death.

One of the gentlemen on the bench, enquired how Milton came to venture *now* on the high road, if he was so much alarmed at being seen a few days before.

To this question Milton replied, that his father had procured him a seat in parliament; and that now he was quite snug, and might laugh at his creditors with importunity.

After which explanation of senatorial privileges, the witness shaking hands with Musgrave retired, and shortly after

one of the magistrates returned with an order from the judge, to discharge our hero from custody immediately.

Musgrave accordingly bowed to the assembly, and on leaving the inn was hailed with rapture by the populace, who shewed their admiration of his firmness in affliction by every mark of general joy; he returned then his thanks, and walked directly to the parsonage; which, when he arrived, he found the news of his deliverance had reached before him. His amiable sister in law, was almost overcome by the tumult of passions contending in her breast, and Bradley stealing a moment of pleasure from their days of sorrow, embraced him with rapture. In this quiet scene of solitude, our hero remained till after the old gentleman's funeral, which took place on the Sunday following, when he was carried to the grave, attended by all his parishioners, whose tears and sighs were the richest marks of their affection for their departed pastor, and whose

mourning was a voluntary tribute, a monarch might have been proud of.

After the day of interment, Edward took leave of his sister-in-law, and having insisted upon Mrs. Davis's accepting a ring from him as a mark of his gratitude, he set off for London, leaving that good old lady to comfort Mary, who had taken her into the parsonage on her father's death, to superintend her household affairs; and the curate being preferred to the living, through the interest of Wilding's patron, and having a villa of his own in the village, insisted upon Mary's keeping possession of her late father's residence, which offer was gratefully accepted by the innocent and unsophisticated girl.

Edward's reflections in his chaise on the return to town, were not pleasant ones—poor fellow, when had he pleasant reflections? never!—his sorrow and mishaps were all he had to think of.

When he considered the narrow escape he had had for his life, he could not but thank

Providence for his deliverance; but at the same time he could not but consider how many instances occur, where men, as guiltless as himself, perish ignominiously by the hands of the executioner! How many innocent beings are immured in gloomy dungeons on bare suspicion, and upon evidence not half so conclusive as that by which he had nearly suffered, and all without any fault in their judges, or the jury who condemn them! Justice fails in its object, and perplexes itself every day, for the most penetrating understanding cannot dive to the very bottom of things adduced in evidence on a trial, some of which arise from error and others from wilful misrepresentation. To see, to discern, and make provision against all such evils requires talents and abilities something more than human.

Musgrave's ideas of distributive justice were similar to Wilding's opinion of parental duty. "Justice is a blind deity and in one hand bears the punishment for evil

actions, and in the other the reward of good ones," thought he. This was his idea figuratively of distributive justice; but in courts of law (aye, and of equity too) one of the goddess's hands is decidedly crippled, for the greatest favors the blind gentlewoman ever honours mankind with, in England is indemnity, and (which by the time it comes out of the tribunals, is rather doubtful) a manifestation of innocence; her rewarding hand is amputated, and though in respect to admirals and generals (without whom those who have the leading her about, are confident the constitution could not exist), she does confer red ribbonds and gold medals, yet how many men are there, who labour through life for a scanty pittance, who are reduced to violate the laws, and become subject to the rigour of her PUNISHING HAND, only because they never were cherished by her REWARDING ONE!

One would really suppose the deity had been under the care of a fashionable

oculist she seems so completely blind, *on the one side*. Of the other Musgrave, as he was not a JUDGE, could not speak.

But there certainly is a want of juſtice even in the very distribution of juſtice.

A man in England may be charged and indicted wrongfully; his purse, his person and his character brought into danger by the nefarious accusations of some villain, who may have a point to carry by the act,---his private circumstances may be exposed, his personal failings ridiculed, by some roguish blockhead, green at the bar, who, emulating the impudence of his predecessors, presumes to usurp the right of *garrulous* remark, which they have been accustomed to use, without one iota of the splendid talent which has supported them through their brazen career of eloquent abuse.

He is tried---acquitted; granted.--- His innocence is proclaimed to the world and he escapes the severity of the law---agreed;---this is in some measure

satisfaction, and the punishing hand of Dame Justice, hangs pendent at her side ---but does she move the other---no--- reparation is not to be expected; a *nonsuit* is the height of her indulgence, so that the trouble, the charge and the disgrace are never wiped off—the man has been tried for—let the crime be what it may—the accusation however vexatious—he is never remunerated—so niggardly is English justice in her rewards, and so ready in her punishment, and it certainly is a satire either upon the laws, or the people of the country, for a man to say, when he has resolved to punish another,—"I'll bring him to *justice*, if I die for it." It is here evident he understands it only in the rigorous acceptation, as if justice had nothing to do but to scourge and punish mankind.

These reflections occupied our hero, who really felt disinterestedly, and was for his own part satisfied with the mode in which he had escaped, though even against him with the chance of losing his life

wrongfully, the charges were nearly fifty pounds, for which, and the disgrace of trial as well as the horrors of a prison, he had no chance of remuneration. His was therefore a case in point, and if adduced as such will prove that the workings of justice are incomplete, and verify the assertion of the Latin " Veri juris germanæque justitiæ solidam et expressam effigiem nullam tenemus : *umbris* et *imaginibus* utimur.

To recount how many times Musgrave changed horses, how often he alighted, when he dined, or where he slept, would be superfluous, for the same system of *buttoning* and *unbuttoning*, which men follow while stationary, affects them while in motion, and therefore perhaps it will be sufficient to say —he changed horses at every stage, got out when he wished, dined when he was hungry, and slept when he went to bed.

This laconic mode of journalizing will save paper, of which I have great need to finish my story in this volume,—but

finish it I will,for as I have never patience to read more than three volumes of a novel, so I will not have impudence to write more.

By the same rule of brevity which governed me in the recital of his proceeding to London, I shall simply state that when he reached the new Hummums, he *finished* his journey and having retired to rest, fell into a sweet slumber, from which he awoke to new incidents, and of course new sorrows.

CHAPTER IV.

Musgrave had escaped from a most awful death by a very lucky accident; but what was life without the society of Harriet?—A gloomy succession of dismal days and miserable nights—for though he knew how tenderly she loved him, yet he feared that her affections might be alienated while away from him, but he was in error; when once love has really taken hold of the heart, separation is the most likely thing upon earth to increase its power, for a variety of reasons, one of which is, that mankind always desire that which it is not in their power to obtain, and the very prohibition of an accustomed intercourse, makes the desire of communication stronger; another, which I

think even more forcible argument than the former is, that while two persons are together perpetually, they must have sweeter tempers than are generally bestowed upon mortals, if they chance not sometimes to disagree; for when their penetration into each other's good qualities has done all it can, they soon fall to finding out the bad ones, and every day gives rise to some incident where their ideas clash instead of accord.—When apart, all this is avoided, and in the same manner as travellers, elevated in a balloon to a great height, see the face of the earth as a smooth surface, devoid of the hillocks and roughnesses a nearer inspector would observe, so lovers when far asunder forget all the unevennesses of temper in each other, and only recal that which they have cherished fondly, the recollection of their mutual excellencies—on this they dwell, on this their passion feeds and strengthens, so that Edward might made himself easy; but he was fond of her even to

madness; poor fellow—he little knew what things were in store for him; his reflections and considerations about Harriet, however, terminated in a resolution, to leave England and repair to Dublin, he argued that to him one country was equally profitable with another; that it made but little difference to him, where he lived; and that if any thing, the ways and modes of the sister island were better adapted to a man of small fortune than our own.

A fellow when he wishes to do any thing very ridiculous, always contrives to find plenty of excellent reasons for his conduct, and thus it was Musgrave satisfied himself that it was the wisest thing he could do, to sell every thing his father had bequeathed him, and embark in the packet from Holyhead.

To perfect this scheme was his most ardent desire, and was only interrupted in it by a circumstance, the occurrence of which held forth new temptations to him,

and which unluckily for him, he had not strength of mind enough to resist.

It has been mentioned in some parts of this book that a seat in parliament was our hero's ambition; his sentiments may then easily be conceived, when he was told that his antagonist Colonel Freemore, if petitioned against must be thrown out, as proof positive could be adduced of bribery and corruption, and as the matter in petition would be decided by an individual instance, the expences would be comparatively trivial, since one or two days sitting of the committee would settle the whole business.

All this he heard from Neville, his solicitor, who, anxious to get employed in parliamentary business, persuaded him to attack the returned member, and *hurl him from his seat.*

Knowing exactly what he was worth, and knowing that his present fortune was not more at most than twelve hundred

pounds he represented to Neville the rashness of his acting up to his advice; upon which the lawyer assured him that the expence would be so trivial that he should never insist upon payment till it should be perfectly convenient for him to discharge the debt.

Encouraged by the liberal offer, Musgrave consented, and the petition was drawn up by Neville, and presented to the house on the Friday following, and the ballot for the committee was ordered to take place on the Tuesday after.

Musgrave attended to enter into recognizances, and perform the ceremonies necessary on the occasion, when he found that notwithstanding the orders of the day were matters of great importance to the nation, they had been discharged in part, and in part dispensed with rapidly, that the house had adjourned by seven o'clock, and that the ballot for committee on his petition could not necessarily come on till the next week.

"For this delay some thanks," thought he, "my circumstances may be better then and they cannot well be worse than they are at present." Still, however, he was materially surprized at the early rising of the house, and after walking with Neville to Charing Cross, on his return, he resolved to waste his evening at the opera.

He accordingly strolled into the pit, and soon discovered in one box a secretary of state, in another, a lord of the treasury. Minor officers in various parts of the house, and members in every corner.

Struck by the appearance of so many men who ought to have been better employed elsewhere, he asked the first commoner of his acquaintance why the house was up so early?

"Faith," replied the senator; "faith I don't exactly know—for I was not there, but I understand that the adjournment was moved on account of the NEW OPERA. Its Catalini's first appearance in breech-

es, and it was carried by a great majority.

Good God, thought Edward—the British parliament leave the national affairs to peep at a pair of nankeen pantaloons —but the whole assembly were disappointed, bets remained undecided, and duels unfought, for the lady *wore loose trowsers.*

"Lusus pro TITO relinquit."

Edward returned home before the ballet began, and on his arrival was told that two gentlemen had been waiting in the coffee-room all the evening for him, he immediately walked to the table where they were sitting, when one of them taking him aside after rejoicing at his arrival, told him that he must accompany them, and at the same moment letting slip a bit of parchment, tapped him on the shoulder and arrested him for two thousand one hundred pounds, being at the suit

of a fashionable jeweller for diamonds purchased by his wife.

This was a *pleasant* surprize upon our hero, who encountered this difficulty only because he hated dancing—had he stayed to see the ballet at the Opera-house, he would not have returned till past midnight, the writ upon which he was taken would have been void, and before another could have been produced, he would have been many miles on his way to Holyhead.

But unfortunately he despised the arts of cutting capers and figuring in, and regarded dancing as a subterfuge for entertainment provided by people who have more lightness in their heels, than wit in their heads; and considered a man hopping about in a room to the noise of a parcel of cracked fiddles in no better light than a monkey who the higher he jumps shews his tail the more; in short, he always thought that people who had sense to do any thing else would never consent to

fool away their time in shaking their legs and thumping the floor, which a bear, an ape, or a dog can do, with more effect and less inconsistency.

To these sentiments he fell a martyr, for leaving the mighty *operators* of the Opera house, to their nocturnal recreations of ballet acting, he returned just in time to be taken securely by the officers of the law.

It was in vain he requested them to trust to his honour, and allow him to remain unmolested till the morning, they said they must lodge him in custody before twelve o'clock, and finding resistance vain, he proceeded with them to a spunging-house in Chancery lane, where in the course of the evening, he wrote to Lord Rosemore, and before he went to bed desired the letter to be conveyed to his lordship early in the morning.

The morning came, and with it—notice that his lordship was gone to Scotland, and was not expected till after the

next Christmas. So that Musgrave had no resource, but to apply to his solicitor; he was gone to Brighton that very day—no other friend of Edward's being in London, he was constrained to submit to close confinement in the King's Bench prison till such time as a change in his circumstances might liberate him entirely, and accordingly the next evening he was turned over to the marshal's custody, and being accommodated with a room in the prison, took leave of liberty and the bailiffs at seven o'clock.

It was summer, and as Edward did not at all relish his apartment, he resolved to take a walk upon the pavement before his window, where he saw many men amusing themselves, laughing and joking as if they were the free tenants of a palace instead of the shackled inhabitants of a prison.

He had not however long pursued his plan before he was surprised by seeing his

friend Wilmore in company with two or three more playing at fives, with the greatest hilarity—they no sooner saw each other than they became re-acquainted, and after having explained the reasons and nature of their confinement, there they agreed to sup together, which they accordingly did, and considering where they were, passed as pleasant an evening as possible.

The *tête à tête* was disturbed by the arrival of two or three jovial prisoners, with whom a party was soon made up, and among the rest the Hon. Tom Coverly, who had been committed to close confinement within the walls, on a charge of having broken the rules, with which he had been indulged, and of having been seen in some distant county, while he ought to have been in the verge of the prison. This charge was generally supposed to be unfounded, but be it as it may, he was in consequence deprived of his liberty and comfort, both of which he needed

most materially to support him after the loss of his amiable wife—she fell a victim to his misfortunes, and cut off in the prime of life, sunk a blossoming flower to an early grave.

To alleviate his melancholy, " in durance vile" he had musical parties in his rooms, to which all the *best* inhabitants of the place were invited, and after Musgrave's introduction to him by Wilmore they became very intimate friends ; enjoyed together the active feats of their pugilistic friends,and in the occasional society of Crib,Pittone, the Game Chicken, and Jem Belcher, passed their time as happily as the nature of their existence would admit.

Their *assemblies* were occasionally joined by those who were still happy enough to enjoy the partial liberty of the rules, and more than once has his little apartment contained one of the best shots, one of the best poets, one of the bravest officers, and one of the most accomplished

men in the country. Such are the mutations of fortune, such the frowns of fate, here were the gayest of the gay reduced to misery—A man who in April drives his barouche—in June within this place shall cook his own dinner—another who figures in a ball-room the pride and envy of his friends, shall here be pent in the narrow compass of a prison's walls; and he who possesses the best and most lovely of women for a wife, must here be held from her by the cruel fangs of unrelenting law.

Oh, what a lesson for the rising generation!—practice beats precept hollow—surely then when lectures upon prudence fail, a sight of the *King's Bench prison* might have some effect; no distinctions are to be made there, and the scoundrel who cheats is perhaps the tenant of a room adjoining one allotted to the victim of his villany—the rattling of carriage-wheels perpetually reminds the unhappy ones within what scenes of happiness are acting without, and

the sight of the distant hills from above its boundary walls, brings to their mind the objects they often have visited, while free to rove wherever their inclinations called.

If any reflection can be galling to a man, *it must* be the knowledge that two paltry bricks in thickness, keeps him from all he loves—such a reflexion was Musgrave's, he was now effectually blocked up, for he found that besides the sum for which he was originally arrested, detainers were the next day lodged against him for the amount of eight thousand pounds.

Poor Wilmore had been now confined for five months, and had as little chance of a release as our hero, they therefore became perfect friends, and Edward, still mindful of his kindness in being the bearer of his letter to Harriet, related all his misfortunes and mishaps to him, who in return detailed all the arts by which he had fallen the victim of Sir John

Gorgon, who was then his fellow prisoner, and by whose conduct alone he was a prisoner at all, expressed his fear that he should not ever be released, as he had sold his houses to pay his deserving creditors, but that he was determined not to submit to extortion, and recounted such instances of villainy, as made Musgrave's hair stand an end

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Musgrave had received two letters from Dublin, and the third brought with it news, which while it afflicted him —charmed him, and while it charmed him almost broke his heart.

His wife was no longer an inhabitant of the terraqueous globe—she had destroyed herself in Ireland after a run of ill luck at cards, and had left the face of the earth, without a tear of pity to bedew her shroud, without a sigh to waft her soul to heaven.—

Ill-fated Fanny—here—I must pause (call me a moralizer if you will) mark the fatal end of an ANIMATED GIRL.—Spoiled in the outset by the ridiculous fondness of her mother, she proceeded with her *usual spirit*, through her whole earthly career. As a daughter impetuous, hasty and uncontroulable—as a friend insincere and superficial—as a human being, irreligious, wanton and prophane; and as a wife, faithless and vicious, she had hurried through life, not as if it were a path to another and a better world, but as if she held heaven in contempt and worshipped no deity but her own inclinations.

This picture is no caricatured one, 'tis a hasty sketch from nature, and only strengthens that fondness which I always must conceive for female timidity. When I say timidity, I do not mean the childish bashfulness of a raw awkward girl, who waddling into a room, with her clothes hanging about her like nothing human, blushes down to the pit of her stomach, on

being asked a question, I mean the mild, affable and condescending conduct, which marks the amiable girl of real beauty and true accomplishments, whose smiles are the emanations of the heart, and whose manners untainted by deceit, possess all the *real sense* of the forward miss, without any of her ostentation.—It is such a being that really captivates.

The pert girl who, lolling upon the arm of a chance partner in a ball room, answers his questions, with a pat of her fan and a leer in his face, pats promiscuously every partner she gets, and leers mechanically at every answer she makes to his questions.

To whom does this give pleasure—not to either of themselves, for neither does she think of the man five minutes after he has left her, nor does she occupy his imagination for as many seconds.

It was only last night that I happened to see a black-haired animated girl, with

rouge on her cheeks, and *rogue* in her eye, sharing a chair with a young man of our party.

"Would," said I—to my next neighbour at table—(a mighty charming woman too) "that I had any girl as fond of me as that girl is apparently fond of that man—"

"Go and sit next her"—replied Mrs. Dunmar—"and your wish will be gratified.—"

This though a truism was the greatest satire in my mind she could have uttered, the smiles of her who smiles on all are nothing worth. 'Tis by the girl whose modest look denotes a virtuous heart, that men of sense are attracted—by whom approbation is bestowed only towards those who merit it, and from whose lips ONE KISS OF REAL LOVE, is worth a year of sensual pleasure passed with an ANIMATED GIRL.

Fanny had soon followed her father

from the world, and Edward was apt to imagine the intelligence of his death might have conspired to hasten hers.

He was however, as usual, unhappy; for even now when the event had taken place which freed him from restraint, and gave him to the girl he loved, he was by *another* bond held from obeying the impulse of his heart, he was confined—shut up, and shut out from her and all the world—what was he to say, what was he to do?—there was not a possibility of his seeing Harriet perhaps *ever again*. Eight thousand pounds he was confined for, and eight thousand pounds he never could command. His misery was as usual great, and with sorrow at his heart, he sat down to write to Harriet, acquaint her of the present state of his circumstances, and assure her of his determination to make her his if ever fortune should deliver him from his present abode, and place him in a situation worthy her affection—all this

relieved his mind for the moment, but alas! no hope was there to realise the happiness he imagined; he was in prison, and in good truth very likely to remain there.

CHAPTER V.

In jeopardy did our poor hero continue for two months without any thing to alleviate his sorrow, except a letter teeming with kindness from his angelic girl, in which she told him that a baronet of large fortune had recently become an ardent admirer of hers, and that his offers were such as at another time would have made her mother a strenuous advocate in his favour, but that having seen her so resolute in her affection for Edward, she had declared her intention of never forcing her child's inclination, and thus she had hitherto contrived to keep off her new suitor and his attentions, and she added that her Musgrave need never fear her firmness, for that now an opportunity ap-

peared to offer itself by which they might be united, she would never relinquish him to whom she was devotedly attached.

This kindness of his sweet girl's almost overcame him, and the reflection that he could not fly to her arms, and endeavour to repay her goodness by gratitude and affection, almost drove him mad.

It was at this time, that one evening, looking over a parcel of his father's papers he discovered doubled up very carefully in a wrapper, a whole lottery ticket for a past year, and Wilmore being with him at the moment of his finding it, by his persuasion he determined to send somebody with the number, to enquire the fate of the ticket.

This was hardly resolved upon before, anxious to have their hopes decided, they dispatched a man to Hornsby's in the Borough to get the information they desired, and their feelings were not a little improved upon hearing that the ticket had been drawn a prize of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

This intelligence the man no sooner communicated than the happy Musgrave and the enraptured Wilmore ran to Coverly's room, and imparted the good fortune that had befallen our hero, at which the open-hearted Coverly rejoiced as much as they did themselves. A jolly supper was the result, and mirth kept the company together till late in the next morning.

On Edward's return to his room he kissed the ticket a thousand times as his deliverer; and, laying it carefully on the chimney-piece under a bronze figure he had as an ornament to the shelf so dignified, he retired to rest in a very whirlwind of joy. He had never felt any happiness equal to that which inspired his dreams and animated him even in his waking thought; he slept till late the next morning, and when Wilmore called him up to breakfast, leading him into his apartment, he removed the bronze figure with an air of triumph

to shew him the ticket of egression from confinement, when lo, behold—IT WAS NOT THERE!—

It is difficult to say whether horror or surprize prevailed most in their breasts.—It was a shock they had not expected.—Where was it?—a robbery had been committed, and an alarm was given.

Would that it had been so—restitution would, in all probability, have been made; for, by sending notice to the office, payment would have been stopped; but no such luck for our unfortunate hero,—the ticket was lost, irrecoverably lost.

A girl of about fourteen was employed, during the temporary illness of her mother, to dust and clean Musgrave's rooms in the morning before he rose, and this silly creature on moving the figure (of which mention has been made) to purify it, discovered the dirty ticket which Musgrave had expressly placed there, because

he thought no harm could reach it, and thinking it (as she said) a bit of useless paper, after cleaning the bars of the grate with it, destroyed it without fear or hesitation; and, with it, destroyed all poor Edward's well-formed hopes of liberation.

This was a circumstance enough to have tried the patience of Job himself.

"A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief.—low earth he prest,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast;
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd."

And among the number Wilmore was not the least affected, for his liberation was as certain as his friend's. Musgrave had too much gratitude in his composition to leave his friend behind him. Applications were made, and affidavits offered at the lottery office, but the number could not be ascertained, and all were refused,

the parties concerned having declared the impossibility which attended their paying the money unless the ticket was produced.

Here was another of those evils which were so peculiar to our hero. The hopes, the wishes of his life gone, destroyed in an instant, by a silly stupid girl; he was almost mad, and nothing but the philosophy which misfortune had taught him could have prevented him from putting an end to his melancholy existence.

As to his ever getting on the outside of the walls it was now impossible, he could as soon have redeemed the land tax or defrayed the national debt, as have raised eight thousand pounds; and in the perfect conviction that he was to remain in *statu quo* for life, he wrote a most gloomy letter to Dublin, and shortly after received one not less melancholy from his sister-in-law at the parsonage. She had heard of Fanny's death from a friend in Ireland, and naturally felt all the grief such a loss must

occasion; at the same time she informed our hero that if he favoured her with his correspondence, he must direct his letters to Mrs. Bradley, as she had, since he left them, been prevailed upon to change her name; Musgrave rejoiced to hear it, for although he was now a prisoner for the debts contracted by Mary's sister, he was by far too noble-minded to suffer her misdeeds to prejudice him against her relations. He saw whence her errors proceeded, and only shuddered at the retrospection of his own folly in uniting himself with a girl who he had discernment enough to discover, early in his acquaintance with her, was exactly the reverse of what he could love. He had been revengeful against innocence, and was now paying the full price of his misconduct.

But his fate was checquered, and his sorrow occasionally relieved. An event was at hand he could little expect, and his astonishment was at once great and de-

lightful upon receiving the following note from Neville his solicitor:

"Dear Sir,

"The committee on the — petition, have this day made their report to the honorable House, and have declared you duly elected—Your discharge from custody will be moved by Mr. Haverden to day at four o'clock, and I will come down myself to you with the serjeant at arms, to welcome you back to liberty.

Yours,

R. Neville."

This was a signal mutation,—liberated, and so nobly too, out of prison into parliament—from the King's bench to the King's council, from an upper story to the lower house.—It was amazing, he could hardly believe it, and it was not till he found himself in Neville's carriage crossing Blackfriar's bridge that he con-

sidered the wonderful event as fact. It was such a reverse—many men get into parliament to keep out of prison, but to get out of prison to come into parliament was what sed om occurs.

He left the gate of the jail at eight o'clock in the evening, and went directly to the Hummums, where, arranging every thing for his journey to Ireland, he directed a meeting of his wife's creditors to be called the next day, at which he assured them, that his return to the senate was no subterfuge to avoid the payment of their legal demands, and that as it was not intended as such, as such he should not use it; but added, that if they would patiently wait for a few years, during which time the interest should be paid them regularly, he trusted to be able to liquidate the whole of the debts due.

After this business was finished, he went to the House of Commons—took his oaths and his seat, received the congratulations of his friends, observed the sneers of his

enemies, and listened to an old gentleman on the wrong side for an hour and a half without falling asleep, fancied he had heard enough of opposition oratory, and walked quietly out of the house in the middle of his harangue.

What a pity it is that this shadow of a shade, ycleped OPPOSITION, should worry and agitate itself about nothing in the manner it does, for the very men who think so much of their talents, and who move for papers, make speeches, and cry no, when the minister says aye, are as certain as he is himself that when the house divides, there will be an enormous majority against them.

Disinterested souls!—how laudable it is in them to take so much trouble for nothing.—It charms the feeling mind even to reflect upon it—but they are a sweet set, and that's the truth on't.

Politics in Edward's head gave way to love, and on a trip to Ireland he was resolved, to put the which in execution,

having drawn from his banker five hundred pounds of the nine he *had now* left he set off from London on the Friday following for Holyhead.

At that place he arrived without the intervention of any accident, and while detained there for wind, which was unpolite enough to blow directly in shore, he encountered several of his acquaintances, and among others Mrs. Leslie, a particular friend of Lady Rosemore's and of the Vincents'.

Any thing like a known face is delightful in such a place as Holyhead, and Edward immediately introduced himself to the major her husband, who, happy to meet a pleasant young man to whom he could relate his campaigns in India over a bottle of wine, gave him a general invitation to a house in which they were residing with their favourite child during their stay in the place.

Mrs. Leslie, a captivating Irishwoman, welcomed the major's friend, and strange

to say, APPROVED his conduct in asking him to dine with them—being pleased, the lady was very agreeable, and having abused every body she had the honour of knowing, she unwillingly left the dinner parlour for decency's sake to prepare tea.

During the meal (just ended) Edward observed that a son of Mrs. Leslie's, a little pretty boy of about eight years old, was her darling, the idol of her soul; and as our hero felt a sort of something between fear of and affection for this young gentleman's mamma, he wished to gain her countenance and smiles, to put an end to the unpleasant doubt whether she hated him or no, which he always laboured under while in her society.

To effect this great purpose he resolved to pay every attention to this little boy; he praised his eyes, his countenance, called him handsome, and said he was like his mother, lauded his figure to the stars, and echoed back his fond parent's

praise of his teeth, which she declared "she thought the most beautiful that ever were seen in a human mouth."

After dinner he carried on this attack by insinuation, and the child grew so fond of him that the mother began to like him for mere sympathy's sake, and Edward felt he had carried his point.

Just at this moment a party of soldiers passing by with their music, the child begged Musgrave to hold him up at the window to see them on their march.

To this, still in pursuit of his plan, our hero most willingly complied, and having obeyed the boy's desire till the men of war were out of sight, he turned round suddenly to speak to Mrs. Leslie, without perceiving that the silly child had taken into his mouth the tassel of a string attached to the window-blind, for the purpose of lowering it, and by the sudden jerk, the unfortunate Musgrave sent from their coral beds two of master Johnny's front teeth—the beautiful bits of pearl his

doating mother had been all day extolling.

To paint Edward's feelings when he heard the child burst into a violent squall, and saw his two milk-white masticators lying upon the carpet,—a torrent of blood flowing from his mouth, and a torrent of abuse from that of his mother, requires a more skilful hand than mine.

"The front teeth too!"—cried Mamma—"those dear darlingwhite teeth—oh, you oaf, you idiot," said she, turning to her husband, "who but such a fool as you would have suffered any body to touch the dear boy but yourself?"

Servants were summoned—physicians fetched—apothecaries arrived; dentists did their duty, and the house was one scene of confusion and distress, from which nothing could have relieved Edward but a notice from the captain, that the packet was ready to sail.

Time and tide waits for no man—wind is equally impatient, and Edward having taken the major aside, and apologized for

the very unpleasant accident that had occurred, took leave of his native isla d in the boat belonging to the packet, which he reached by nine in the evening in safety.

Musgrave's ill-fortune pursued him down to the minutest incidents of his life; Mrs. Leslie was a woman whose malice was so rancorous when offended, that he wished to secure her good opinion, and, in the very effort to, do it, had committed an act for which she never would forgive him.

This was his old luck—it pursued him in spite of his teeth, and eke the teeth of master Johnny Leslie.

CHAPTER VI.

Sea-sicknesses and unpleasant symptoms were the natural result of Edward's voyage, who, to do him justice, was so firmly attached to his native island, that he never had been out of it, and perhaps would not to this moment have endured the *perils* of *the sea*, if it had not been that his Harriet (magnetic girl) had attracted him from the white cliffs of Albion, from the scenes of his youth, and from the spot of his birth, across the roaring ocean, to be buffetted by winds, and *indisposed* by the *rude motion* of the vessel.

After a passage of some little danger, and a vast deal of fatigue, the morning's dawn displayed to Musgrave indubitably the finest sight he had ever seen.

It was the sun rising as they entered the bay of Dublin—the most beautiful harbour in Europe—Naples not excepted. The terrific Vesuvius gives the latter a grandeur which the former has not, but the absence of that mountain gives to the Hibernian capital a mild and sweet serenity, unknown to the Sicilian one. He was enraptured, but so social and gregarious an animal is man, that the beauty of the prospect lost half its charms to Edward, from his not having a companion to whom he could impart his gratification, and who might have taste enough to partake it—If Harriet was here, sighed he—but no—she was slumbering quietly in her bed—perhaps dreaming of him—in the very city he was admiring—perhaps in a house he could see—was he so near her then?—yes—He was—and the very recollection gave new animation to his hopes, new vigour to his designs.

Musgrave had an idea that when he entered Dublin, he was to be challenged

by at least half a dozen men at a time, imagined that he should be despised if he did not get drunk every night, and anticipated blunders in every speech that would be addressed to him.

But he found himself mistaken—In Ireland the men are tenacious of their honor and their character, but a traveller stands no greater chance of a disagreeable encounter there than in any other country, if his behaviour is that of a gentleman.

Hospitality and drinking go hand in hand, but Musgrave found that no force was used to compel him to swallow one glass more of wine than he chose; and as for blunders—in ten minutes after he touched land, he was satisfied that no set of people spoke better English than the Irish.

National prejudices are unworthy to be cherished by a man of sense, Edward discarded them all, and saw in a few hours intercourse with the people, the justice with which Churchill said,

" Long from a country hardly ever used,
At random censur'd, and by most abused;
Have Britons drawn their sport, with no kind view,
And judg'd the MANY by the rascal FEW."

Musgrave was wholly ignorant in what part of the Irish metropolis his angelic girl was situated. He concluded that Mrs. Delmar's name was known, and having enquired at Lennon's in Sackville Street, he was directed to a house on St. Stephen's green, whither he repaired, and on knocking at the door, it was opened by a tall red haired man servant with a pair of squinting eyes and national legs, whose broad shoulders were adorned with a livery, and whose appearance was so grotesque, that nothing since the memorable year of the world 2738, when the Milesians first were imported from Spain could equal it.

" Is your master at home ?"—

" No," was the answer.

" Your mistress ?"—

" No"—again,

" Does Mrs. Vincent live here?"

" Yes, sir,"—

" Is she at home?"

" No."—

" Her daughter?"

" No."—

" Where are they?"

"Och,"—said the man,"faith they are all gone togedder to Ringsend to dinner.

The deuce take Ringsend, thought Edward; he determined however to surprise them, and accordingly left the house without leaving his name—he resolved to follow them to this same Ringsend, for which purpose he mounted what is called in Dublin a noddy,* and set off for the village which contained the idol of his heart,

* A noddy, so called because it *nods* as it moves. The man who drives it sets with his nose close to the horse's rump, and his rump close to the traveller's nose. For a description of this vehicle vide My Pocket Book, recently published, a little work by an anonymous author, in which there is more wit displayed than in true most modern publications, its only fault is its severity on an

and on reaching the vicinage of it, his eyes were blest with a sight of her, Delmar, his wife, Mrs. Vincent, and a gentleman seated on the grass with a cloth spread for dinner, under the shade of some tall branching trees.

I must beg pardon for not describing this interview, the emotions it occasioned, and the effects it produced; for as Harriet was unlike a heroine, and did not faint, I should have no opportunity of talking about her "throwing her lovely eyes upon the ground;" her "falling senseless on the turf;" her "dishevelled hair and wildly rolling eyes;" and without such *interlardations* the narrative would be dull; I shall therefore content myself by saying, that the happiness of the lovers was complete, and that Mrs. Vincent having received our hero very cordially, after having introduced the gentleman who was with them to him as Mr. Minus, a poet of great cele-

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amiable and much esteemed man, but its satire is unique.

brity in modern annals; he took his seat at their rural festival next Miss Vincent.

But there was no table—no cover for tender tokens—no treading on toes, nor pressing of hands under the cloth—no—the guests were all ranged fairly and *above-board*,—but, considering their situation, Edward and Harriet *contrived* to make themselves as happy as mortals need be.

If there is a pleasure upon earth it is the meeting those we love after a protracted absence;—then it is that every tender feeling divulges itself; and the heart—but nonsense,—you know that as well as I can tell you, and a single practical kiss does more to prove the truth of the assertion than fifty theoretical pages. Edward very soon heard that the baronet lover of Harriet's was entirely discarded, and that Mr. Minus, who was with them, though extremely attentive to the young lady, was not considered as a suitor for her favor, though to say truth, if he had been, he might have been accounted a dangerous

rival, for he had written songs, odes, and epistles out of number, aye, and such songs, odes, and epistles as were likely to captivate the affections of a growing girl, though not of Harriet; she had too much real sense to be caught by a vapor, and the poetry of Mr. Minus could be compared to nothing but the dropping of honey upon rose leaves, or the fluttering of moths round the smoke of cinnamon;—it was so flippant—so sweet—and so trifling.

He had a round of set rhymes and ideas, which, like the man who walked out in the morning in a dress of crimson and gold, because he had no other, he perpetually was using; such as

> "Coral lips and rolling eyes,
> Roguish leers, and heaving sighs,
> Lilly bosoms, seeking kisses,
> Silent sighs for secret blisses."

Which species of versification having displayed *al fresco* after dinner in lines "To a Mole upon Fanny's left knee"—

"A sonnet to half a jasmine flower;" "An ode to the wing of a butterfly," and "An Epithalamium on the marriage of two humming birds," (all of which were written, sung, composed, and recited by himself) he obligingly sat down to the piano forte on their return, and gave the following air with infinite effect:

AIR.

The words and music by T. Minus, Esq. price 5s. published in Bond Street.

Fanny's Bower.

"Come Fanny, I've rais'd a sweet bower,
With roses and lilies entwin'd;
Before it, grows every flower,
A *bed-room* I've built you, behind.

"Our couch is a cluster of roses,
And while we lay lost in the sweet
The leaves will *so* tickle our noses
The THORNS shall lie under our *feet*.

"The sheets, both the lower and upper,
Are made from a pair of bees' wings,
Whose honey I've stole for your supper,
And carved with their sharp cutting stings.

"To save us the trouble of thinking,
In *dew drops* I'll pledge you, my best,
And when I am tired of drinking,
I'll sink on your bosom to rest.

"I'll study your taste to a tittle
In torrents our pleasures shall pour,
For the girl once indulged with a LITTLE,
Will very soon languish for MORE!"

This Mr. Minus considered a *chef d'œuvre*, and if he was mistaken there was such a softness, a condescension and pleasantry in his manners, as would have excused a more serious error; as a companion he was delightful; as a man, honourable; and as a poet, fashionable.

When he had retired, Musgrave made enquiries of the Vincents concerning the fate of his unhappy wife, and it proved that, after having appeared in the first circles as the avowed mistress of Lord Liffey, she encountered a reverse of fortune at a faro-table, and having embezzled a large part of his lordship's property to supply the deficiency, and losing a second time,

she had gone to the sea side when the tide was coming in, and had destroyed herself; her cloathes were discovered on the beach, and pinned to them a note, containing her reasons for the rash act, which document was in the possession of a person to whom Edward was referred, and from whom he received it as a mournful proof of his wife's ill-fated end.

Musgrave had now seen all the beautiful curiosities of Dublin, visited the Round Tower at Clundalkin, the University, St. Patrick's cathedral, Christ Church, Essex Bridge, Ormond Quay, Dame street, and all the public places; had made his observations on the manners of the people, and had in a few days become so attached to them that it was not his wish ever to leave them again.

The Irish women he found well educated, beautiful, elegant, and witty, and by actual measurement had ascertained that their legs were not thicker than other people's; far from being disgustingly

reserved, the younger females appeared to know and keep the line of propriety so well and so strictly, that to Edward their society was particularly pleasing.

There are no set of people so unjustly traduced as the Irish, and I have actually known a young man (a great fool by the way—though he is my friend) who, having been accustomed to see no Irishwomen but those who were placed at wheelbarrows in London streets to vend fish, fruit, and other commodities, was perfectly astonished on my assuring him that smoaking was not a general custom with the Hibernian ladies;—he seemed hardly to credit the assertion, because all the females of Erin, that he had ever met with, were universally seated with pipes in their mouths.

Edward was so happy in his present situation, that by tenor of his old luck there was little chance of his remaining in it long, and in the zenith of his comfort, the following advertisement in a London

paper called him from all his pleasures and delights:

"NEXT OF KIN.

"If the next of kin to James Musgrave, esq. late of ——— in the county of Middlesex, be living, and will apply to Messrs. Winsley, West, and Co. solicitors, Lincoln's-inn, New-square, they will hear of something greatly to their advantage."

This was an actual summons to our hero,—who, feelingly alive to the uncomfortables of his present situation in life eagerly pursued even the shadow of a competency, with which he could support the girl of his heart, and the dignity of a senator of the United Kingdom.

It was evidently necessary that he should return to England, and he wished to persuade Mrs. Vincent to accompany him; Lucy Delmar, however, argued against this procedure, and though Harriet added her supplications to those of her lover, (as

Musgrave now professedly was) the decision was in favour of staying, and, accordingly, our hero took his departure for England, on the eleventh day after his arrival, leaving behind him all he loved, and many, who even in that short time, had deserved by their attentions, or gained by their kindness his esteem, gratitude, and affection.

CHAPTER VII.

Musgrave, oddly enough for him, arrived at London in perfect safety, without any accidents or impediments; and on reaching the English metropolis, he could not fail to compare it with the capital of the sister-kingdom he had just left, in one neither traffic nor commerce enlivened the regular routine of affairs, which were going on; in the other nothing interrupted the regular bustle of commerce, which employed all heads and hearts in the midst of smoke or confusion.

He had little time for reflection, and his faculties were hardly better adapted to cool reasoning or deliberate speculation; when after waiting on the solicitors named

in the advertisement, he found that the Earl of Dewberry, just deceased, had bequeathed to Mr. Musgrave's eldest son all the estates which were his own privately, amounting to a rental of nearly five thousand a year.

What could be the occasion of this very singular and princely mark of the late Earl's favour he knew not,—there was a mystery about the will altogether, which appeared to him very strange; but as the worst that could be said of it was, that it made him master of a noble income, he did not appear at all dissatisfied, nor seek to discover the cause of his lordship's kindness. Here Musgrave saw the termination of all his earthly sorrows,—what could now afflict him?—nothing—he wanted nothing but fortune to be the happiest creature in the world, and that he had now obtained.

Elated and delighted he immediately wrote to Mrs. Vincent, told her the whole circumstance, made a regular offer of his

hand to Harriet, which by return of post *pro forma* was accepted, and having signified his intention of going down to Holyhead to meet them, requested them to return to England immediately, nor delay his happiness any longer.

All his propositions were acceded to, and all his requests granted, five thousand pounds per annum gave him five thousand privileges he never enjoyed before.

Among the first of his actions upon the hearing the glorious intelligence of his noble legacy, was his immediately appropriating the whole of his ready money to the liberation of his friend Wilmore, who was still in confinement, and the seeing the man relieved from all sorrows by him, gave Edward a pleasure which none but those in the habits of benevolence can imagine. There is a glow about the heart after the commission of a virtuous act that beggars all description.

The business of the will was to have been finally settled in ten days, but Ed-

ward finding that legal expedition admitted of great delay, determined to postpone the conclusion of the business till his return from Holyhead, for which place he resolved to set off on the Friday following, to meet the dear girl and her kind mother.

Now it was that Edward felt happiness. Independently placed above all want, all care, he looked forward to his union with Harriet as the climax of his bliss, and after having blamed himself for impatience under what he, at the time they occurred, thought sorrows, but which now only appeared as steps in his progress to delight, he resolved never to give way to any thing like misfortune in future, but regarding the incidental crosses which might occur to him, as the dispensations of a wise Providence, comfort himself with the truly philosophic idea, that every thing was for the best. Having, therefore, made arrangements for his journey, he employed great part of his time with his friend Wilmore, who, grateful for his liberation, was

perpetually near him, and entirely devoted to his interests.

To his charge Edward confided all the papers relating to his claims to the legacy; to his custody did he commit all the documents, and well satisfied with the prudence and steadiness of his friend, he equipped himself for the trip to Holyhead, on which expedition he sallied forth the very morning he had proposed so to do.

He found every thing propitious on his journey; money commanded respect and attention, and, conscious of his possessions, he had drawn for the whole sum of ready money he could call his own in the world; and having launched an elegant travelling carriage, well appointed and superbly equipped, he dashed through the brilliancy of the sultry summer's sun, as if he had borrowed his fiery steeds to waft him along to the girl of his heart.

After one day's travelling, he rested

at ———, the inn of which boasts peculiar accommodation for travellers; and while his supper was preparing, he took a solitary ramble among the least frequented paths in the vicinity of the place to enjoy the cool breezes and the *silvery* beams of a *full moon*.

I believe I am not wrong when I say it was moonlight; for I never read a novel in my life in which it was not always represented as being so; for the authors conceiving (I suppose) a moon to be indispensably necessary to *light* reading, *resolve* never to give her any *quarter*, but depict her eternally as—"The silver moon"—"The crescent of Diana"—"The silvery queen of night," and "the refulgent *orb*."—Sometimes they make her "Dance upon tree tops in the gale;" at others, she sends her beams to "play upon the water:" one night she shines upon a grove, and the next into a bedroom; and she is always at hand for a hero or heroine to escape.—It matters

not how it is managed, reader, but if ever you should happen to write a novel, let there be plenty of moons—they are mighty convenient, and cost *nothing*.—Novel writers, and the personages they introduce, seem so completely under the influence of this planet, that they have every claim, literally as well as presumptively, to the title of *lunatics!*

I heard once of a cow—(the Greeks would say αχεω)—in a novel, who supported one family with her milk for seven and twenty years, and never had a calf: this is rather an odd instance, and bids fair to rival the moons:—certain it is there was no *lack* of milk, and perhaps no lack of calves; but the author kindly sunk them from a *fellow* feeling.

It was moonlight *really* when our hero took his walk, and as naturally it would, the stillness of the night awakened thoughts and ideas within him, which he, who is not an atheist, cannot fail to feel on beholding the exquisite works of

nature—when his ears were arrested by a sudden shout of laughter very near him, the tone of which he thought rather familiar, when, on turning to discover whence it proceeded, he beheld, to his utter astonishment, Miss Sensitive, attended by a female servant, star-gazing through a telescope. The fair enthusiast immediately recognized him, and on the commencement of their conversation, she told him, that having made herself perfectly mistress of all earthly sciences, she had determined to acquire the celestial ones. She said that she should never have thought of such a thing, but that she saw a comet, and she could not account for its appearance when questioned on the subject in a party, and as she hated ignorance, she had applied herself closely to astronomy ever since.——

She was not the first fair who has been caught by a star.—A friendly caution to some ladies on this topic might be of vast service.——

In her usual style of energy Miss Sensitive rattled on in defence of her science; declared it had been first taught to the Chinese by their Emperor Fo-hi—wondered at their stupidity in calling the stars such ridiculous names as cocks, dogs, and monkeys—talked of their division of the heavens into eight and twenty constellations—compared them with the eight and twenty mansions of the moon, so popular among the Arabians—attributed the discovery of the pole star to Hong-to, the grandson of Noah; and concluded her wild rhapsody, by declaring how dearly she loved Confucius, who she said was quite a PET of hers.

Edward listened to her erudite loquacity for two reasons—one of which was, he did not much dislike it, and the other, that he could not help it if he did. Miss Sensitive's dress was technical to a degree—the comb which confined her tresses was a silver ram, to shew the

predominance of that sign over the head—a bull for a broach, and a lion's skin for a cloak, manifested the governments of Taurus and Leo—her shoes were formed as fishes, and her knees covered with goats skins; these and several other signs and tokens, tacitly declared Miss Sensitive a free and accepted—ASTRONOMER.

There was something very peculiar in her manner while addressing Musgrave—something unlike herself, a wildness and wandering of reason; for in the midst of a discussion upon thirteen little silver buttons, which fastened her pellisse, classically arranged, to shew the Mexican predilection for that number, she burst out into a loud laugh, and asked him what he had done with his wife?

Musgrave was a little puzzled, but upon answering her, he found that his suspicions as to her sanity were but too well founded; for in reply to his reply to her, she rattled out an harangue which "Bed-

lam's boys" would have wondered at—it was a *melange* of matter comprehending all subjects—The monument of Osymandyas—Hipparchus and Ptolemy—The managers of the Opera house—Dublin — Irishmen — Scorpio and Virgo—Fanny Musgrave—Alferganus, and Al Mamun ; and concluded her speech by asking our hero if he had lately heard from the King of Sweden.—The matter was evident—the murder was out—The lively enthusiastic Miss Sensitive was mad—mad as a March hare ;—for on taking his leave, which he did very shortly after her enquiries for his Swedish Majesty, he heard from the innkeeper, at whose house he supped, that the lady was a little deranged or so ; that no body could manage her but Mrs. Lucas, her attendant, and that she often beat *her* because she was not affected by the stars—

She appears to have been—

"*Lucas* iners nullo penetrabilis *astro*."

Poor Anastasia, thought Edward—here is the result of all your brilliancy—vivid as the bodies you consult, I remember you all life and spirit:—but alas! such are the materials that have burst into a flame: and here is another melancholy catastrophe to the career of another *animated* woman.

Master Musgrave was rather severe upon animated women; whether he was just or no, I beg to leave to their own better judgments—he certainly was not very anxious to have another interview with his friend Anastasia, and having heard a detail of her mad vagaries, he proceeded on his journey to Holyhead, a place never erased from his memory, since the awful day when he turned operator, and ejected the two teeth of a favourite child. Poor Musgrave! there was hardly a place in Patterson's Road-book in which some mishap had not occurred to him; but he regarded it as of no avail,—He was a MAN of FORTUNE,

—a MAN of EXPERIENCE,—a MAN of PARLIAMENT,—a MAN of RANK,—and not a MAN of SORROW!

The aspect of every thing round him appeared changed; smiles greeted him wherever he went—his heart no longer sad, bounded at the idea of meeting his Harriet, when no obstacle impeded their union. When as he contemplated her delicious beauties, he could call them his own; when she, unrestrained by the ridiculous notions of false delicacy, inculcated by zealots and fanatics, to keep fond lovers apart, might, without fear, receive the bliss she could so admirably bestow.

Married to her—what end would there be to his bliss?—What a husband would *he* make for *her?*—What a wife would *she* make for *him?*—And what a family they *would* make for *one another?*

Oh! for the pen of a Lewis, or the imagination of a Moore, to describe the thrilling, throbbing—the fluttering

hearts and heaving bosoms which such a determination to *make* something of marriage would occasion.

Freed from care, Musgrave's natural character began to appear like the sun after an eclipse—his sorrows were past; he had his five thousand a year as well as Mr. Savage—Mr. Savage was dead—Colonel Eglinton was gone to India: all his rivals were buried either in oblivion or churches, and he cared no more for the world than the world cared for him, so that for the first time in his life he was even with the world.

Holyhead was in view—So-ho!—The carriage rolled along, and bore him in like lightning to the inn yard; he leaped from the vehicle—enquired for the Vincents—they were not yet arrived—what could he do with himself till they came?

"When will the packet be in?" asked he. "It is impossible to say, sir," replied the waiter, of whom he enquired, "perhaps not till to-morrow."——

To-morrow appeared an age to him—he was a lover—and not knowing how to dissipate his anxiety for their approach, he retired to bed early in the evening to sleep away the tedious time till they should come.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD's anxiety for the Vincents was relieved, and his sorrows vanquished by the safe arrival of the packet from Dublin. They reached England at eight o'clock in the morning, after a pleasant though tedious voyage from the Pigeon House.

The congratulations the mother poured forth to our hero, and the good wishes Harriet *looked,* soon made him forget the King's Bench, Fanny, and a whole train of disagreeables, which were accustomed to haunt his mind.

In this state of happiness, so new and so delightful to our hero, the party entered his travelling carriage, and packed so close as they were, the journey to

London augured not to be an unpleasant one.

There is a gratification in coming in contact with any thing one really loves that is almost indefinable; indeed the little visits which one's knees pay in a carriage to those of an opposite neighbour, if she be a pretty girl, give a thrill to the veins, and agitate the system most miraculously, even if one does not love her any more than one loves every pretty girl one meets; but if she be the only creature on earth one adores, then what havoc does the touch of a joint make with the heart—the effect is magic.

In this state of delicate irritation, did Edward accompany his angel to London; and it was resolved that they should remain in the metropolis till every thing was arranged for their marriage, an event now openly spoken of by Mrs. Vincent, owned by Edward, and confessed in a blush by Harriet.

For a week after their arrival in town,

the mornings were spent in making purchases, and preparing for the happy union, and Edward was busied in arranging matters with the solicitors and executors of the late Earl of Dewberry, from whom he was to inherit the fine estates in Devonshire and Cornwall.

Things were going on happily, and the Thursday following was fixed for the marriage of this sincere couple, when Edward received the following letter, which, as the reader can easily conceive, hardly distressed more than surprized him:

"Sir,

"Having heard from several quarters that you have claimed the estates bequeathed by the late Earl of Dewberry to the eldest son of Mr. James Musgrave, I have to inform you that the bequest is not made to you, as you are NOT THE ELDEST SON of that gentleman.—I am sorry to be the instrument of disappointment to your hopes, which

appeared so well founded; but if you will take the trouble to call on me to-morrow morning, at twelve o'clock, I will explain myself more fully.

"I am yours, &c.

"RICHARD MANVILLE."

Here was a restoration of all his sorrow—Had he an elder brother, and not know it?—it could not be—it was a perfect impossibility—his father would assuredly have told him of such a circumstance as that of his having another son; hope told Edward that it must be false, and that the assertion was only made in the idea of gaining the estates; he was well assured that a parent, so kind and so candid as Mr. Musgrave had always been to him, could never have concealed an affair so material in his family; and he was resolved not to mention any thing of the matter to the Vincents, till after his interview with Mr. Manville, whom he found was a solicitor of eminence in Lincoln's Inn.

He waited with impatience till twelve the next day, for it was at that hour he was either to be made or marr'd: agitated and alarmed even at the faint prospect of losing his newly acquired possessions, at the moment they were about to give him a claim to his Harriet, he walked hastily down to the gentleman who had written him the letter, and enquiring if he was at his chambers, was ushered into the presence of a very elegant and venerable looking man.

He took a seat, and on mentioning his business, Mr. Manville began to open the matter, by lamenting the unpleasant necessity he was under of depriving a gentleman of Mr. Musgrave's character and family, not only of the estates, in fact for the present, but of the remotest chance of their ever becoming his at any future period. He then stated that the will of the noble Earl deceased contained the following note:—

"Item—I give and bequeath to the

eldest son of James Musgrave, Esq. late of ————, in the county of Middlesex, if he be living at the time of my death, all my estates situate and being in the counties of Devonshire and Cornwall, that is to say, the parishes of ——, ——, ——, and ——, in the one county and those of ——, ——, ——, ——, and ——, in the other county aforesaid, together with all the rights, *heriots*, rents, and fines now due, the timber and crops thereon growing, and the buildings, tenements, and erections thereon standing, to him and his heirs for ever; but if he be dead before the execution of this my last will and testament, then and in that case the said estates shall remain in the hands of trustees, to be appointed by my executors, for the use and benefit of my second son Alfred, till such time as he the said Alfred shall attain the full and lawful age of twenty-one years; after which time they shall be his and his heirs for ever, thereby

rendering him independent of his brother who will be then Earl of Dewberry."

This clause appeared to Edward the most satisfactory in the world; but Manville after having read it, said—"This, Mr. Musgrave, is a positive bequest to the eldest son of your father, exclusively, and I am sorry to say you are not the person to inherit it."

"Will you have the goodness to explain," said Edward, "if you know the reasons which preclude the possibility of my taking that which is evidently given to me?"

"If it were given to you," replied the lawyer, "certainly nothing could prevent your receiving it, but as I mentioned in my letter to you you are not Mr. Musgrave's eldest son—your father, sir, was married TWICE!"——

——'My father, sir!"——

"Yes, sir,—the documents and the certificate of the marriage are in my hands at this moment."——

"You will excuse my wish to see them," said Edward, "as I can hardly believe that a parent, so kind, so ingenuous as mine was, would have concealed from a child, who never betrayed his confidence, a secret of such importance as the one you have declared him to possess."——

"I, sir," answered the lawyer, "should be as unwilling to credit this matter as yourself, and I should be as ready to wonder at his taciturnity upon the subject as you are, but that a bond of secrecy, into which he entered under a heavy penalty, forbad him even to disclose the matter now to be divulged to you, to any person directly or indirectly."

"——Good heavens, sir," said Edward, "let me intreat you to proceed — what action of my father's could have required such silence?"

"You shall be satisfied," said Mr. Manville.

"When your father, sir, was about your age, he became acquainted with the late Lord Dewberry's family; his lordship at that time had a daughter, who was about seventeen—your father, I should judge, was then twenty: from a distant acquaintance he became by degrees an intimate of the family, and by his good qualities, elegant manners, and brilliant talents, attracted the notice of Lady Anne.

"A constant communication with each other, soon reduced to nothing the formalities of society; and if a partiality existed on *his* part for *her*, it was certainly not suffered to go unrewarded. The pleasures of the society of a person esteemed, are by constant use made more delightful, till at length they become habitual; Lord Dewberry did not consider the force of custom upon the mind, at all events till it was too late to stop its progress on that of his daughter.

"Their friendship mellowed, and re-

fined by a perpetual communication of sentiment, took another shape; and while it retained its former harmless name, obtained a widely different action. Their passion now assumed the form of love; they did not themselves feel conscious of the alteration, but when his lordship did, conviction soon followed to themselves, for after a discovery of the truth, Musgrave was forbidden her presence; and the horrors that separation produced to them both, confirmed to them the existence of the passion which the earl had suspected, and (too late) wished to put a stop to. To criminate in your eyes, or the eyes of the world, the characters either of your parent or Lord Dewberry, would be the last and farthest from my thoughts; but I am afraid that you, yourself, will be presently obliged to confess that something like dishonour is attached to both of them, in an act the one committed, and the other assented to.

"The force of love—at least that species of it which takes its origin from a well-founded friendship—is incredible: the female heart is more susceptible. and less addicted to change than the male Lady Anne had formed her attachment, and it was not the separation of bodies that could disunite her soul from that of your father

"Indeed their parting sorrows wakened every feeling of tenderness in her breast; and the very events which her father imagined would destroy the recollection of her lover, were the sources and causes of all her actions, and I grieve to say, of all her guilt.

"Lord Dewberry resolved upon dissolving all the bonds between them; sent his daughter into the country to an aunt of hers, under whose protection, in a romantic part of South Wales, he thought, naturally, that the recollection of her lover would be effaced—but your father followed her: and here, in retire-

ment, without a watchful parent's eye to guard her, their passions became ungovernable, and Mr. Musgrave prevailed on her to accompany him to Scotland."

"My father?" said Edward.

"Yes, sir," replied Manville—"and their scheme was arranged, when Lord Dewberry hearing that he was down in Wales, set off for the cottage of his sister, and brought his child to town the very day on which they were to have eloped:—

"Now, sir—mark the event—Lord Dewberry was the most passionate and violent of men: his honor and the dignity of his family were the themes of his conversation, and the spring of his actions—a blot in the 'scutcheon of Dewberry would have driven him mad, and death would have been preferable to disgrace.—

"It often happens that the most innocent are betrayed into weaknesses and into infamy in an unguarded mo-

ment, when they least suspect danger to be near, so it proved with Lady Anne; on her return to her father's, she was strictly guarded, and entirely shut out from society. In a particular range of apartments, she was suffered only to be visited by female friends during her father's absence from home; but with him was permitted to join in parties as usual.

"All attempts of Mr. Musgrave to get a letter conveyed to her were vain, and this separation could have uninterupted-ly lasted till her death, had not a disorder, apparently mental, preyed upon her constitution so fiercely, as to endanger her life, and render it necessary to call in an eminent physician.

"He came—much against her will—saw the distracted Lady Anne—and judge her father's feelings and the extent of his rage, when the man of medicine, after several awkward prefatory speeches, declared her ladyship to be——

PREGNANT!

"This, to a man of his lordship's excessive pride, was madness! And it is a matter of doubt, whether the instant death of his daughter would not have been by far preferable to the distress of public exposure.—What was to be done?—he consulted with the physician on the most prudent mode of proceeding, and after mature deliberation, they agreed that the best, and indeed only way of preventing the terrible publicity the earl dreaded so much, was immediately to have a marriage between Musgrave and her ladyship privately solemnized in the country.

"This was their final resolve, and your father, in a church in Staffordshire, received the hand of Lady Anne—here is the certificate to prove the fact of the marriage: in ten days after which, at a cottage hired on purpose, the beautiful Lady Anne Musgrave was delivered of a son—but, alas! she never beheld him! the agitations she had undergone proved

fatal to her, and she resigned her life in giving existence to another.

"Her death gave her father an idea of the probability of concealing her shame and her marriage; and as no one had been entrusted with the secret but the physician, and one female servant in the cottage, his lordship entered into a bond with your father to provide for his son handsomely, on condition that he never divulged to any human being the circumstance of his union with his daughter; at the same time binding him down in a large penalty, which he was to forfeit, if he broke the conditions of the agreement.

"To the physician—secret keeping was nothing new—he had in the course of practice met with many such events, and there was very little difficulty in his conforming to the desire of the noble earl.

"The woman's silence was insured by appointing her nurse to the child, for which service she received an annuity

till her death, which happened a short time since.

" Thus, sir, you see these circumstances account for your father's silence, and this boy is now the bar to your claims on the legacy in question:—I am his agent and trustee here, and in his name have taken possession of the whole property, and I shall hold it for him till he returns from Bengal, which I understand he will do by the fleet now daily expected."

A chain of matter so perfectly connected, was a thunder-stroke to our hero: there was no doubt as to the veracity of the assertion—the certificate, the bond signed by his father were there—they were before his eyes: and thus was Edward thrown out of all the brilliant expectations he had formed, and of all his hopes of Harriet. In one short hour had he fallen from the pinnacle of his greatness and happiness, into the lowest abyss of sorrow.—In his pocket he had his

whole earthly fortune—one hundred and eight pounds seven shillings, was his whole stock; and considering he was a senator of the United Kingdom, it was as small a capital as an *independent* gentleman need start upon.

Broken-hearted and miserable, after having satisfied himself of his wretchedness, he left the chambers of Mr. Manville, without knowing what he was doing or whither going.

He had no fortune—he could not marry Harriet: her mother's objections to him were as forcible as ever. What was to be done? Without a candid disclosure of all the circumstances—the report of his probable accession to the late earl's estates would appear to be a concerted falsehood; and could he criminate his father to rescue himself?—He was mad—he proceeded along the streets not knowing how to act—at length he resolved to write to his dear girl—tell her the circumstances, and wait the event

of her answer, before he took any decisive steps, or formed any definitive resolutions; and accordingly returning home he scrawled a letter to Harriet, divulging the whole matter, and imploring her forgiveness for what must appear a mean deception. He dispatched the letter as soon as it was finished, and determined to abide by her reply, for he loved her too well to rob her of one comfort in marriage which she had enjoyed before.

CHAPTER IX.

With anxious attention did the reduced Musgrave wait the coming of an answer to his confession of poverty; and it was not a small matter of vexation to him that the whole of the ensuing day passed without its arrival: on the following morning, however, a letter from Harriet, couched in these words, raised his love and his attachment to a sort of enthusiastic veneration for her superior virtues and nobleness of mind.

"My dearest Edward,

"That you should fail in any pursuit must give me the greatest pain; but that you should suppose the failure you mentioned in your's of Wednesday, could

influence me in any other way, if possible, wounded me more deeply than even my affliction for your loss.

"Oh! Edward—can you imagine that a few paltry guineas can affect an attachment like mine—proved as you are, devoted to me, and constant as you have been, could I be so ungrateful as to think of interest?—No: had you a cottage on the wildest heath in the world, I should be proud to share it with you.

"I seldom form strong attachments, but when I do, they are not easily broken. I never profess affection without feeling it—and to you, my dear Edward, I have confessed my partiality.

"As a girl under the influence of a kind parent, my individual opinion, thus delivered, would have but little effect, and could afford you little satisfaction; but when I sit down, at that parent's desire, to express such sentiments, and under her sanction, invite you warmly to our house, I am sure you will feel as

happy in hearing those sentiments as I am in penning them.—

" Yes, Musgrave, my dear mother has this day told me that her consent had been hitherto withheld only from motives of prudence; that your accession to fortune had done those fears away which she had before entertained, and that under the impression of your capability to support a wife, she had agreed to our union.

" She now says, that having so consented, she will not retract; she has always esteemed you, and as it is natural in a fond parent, your attachment to her child has not lessened her affection for you.—Yes, Edward, she consents to our immediate union; and the fortune which she intended me to receive at her death, I am to have the happiness of giving to you *now !*—Trifling as it is, it will be more than enough for us to live on, and no doubt a reverse of fate will hereafter place you in some situation of affluence.

Not that I even seek any other mode of life than that which we can now afford, on the interest of fifteen thousand pounds—Seven hundred a year, with real affection, is preferable to seven millions, where the bodies are united without hearts.—I am delighted at our prospect of happiness, and can hardly command steadiness enough to conclude my letter, which I do by requesting to see you immediately, and by subscribing myself eternally yours,

"HARRIET VINCENT."

"Angel!" exclaimed our delighted hero, "this is more than my most sanguine hopes gave me a prospect of.—Still she is mine, and I have no sorrows."—

Again he was elated—again happy;—his misfortunes were all gone—all buried in oblivion—the one sole object of his wishes was now in his power; and it was not twenty minutes before he was in her presence.

To his panting breast did he clasp the

lovely girl, and in her society spent the happiest evening of his life—the conversation was the most delightful and interesting in the world—it consisted of an arrangement of the matters for their marriage, and in settling plans for their domestic comfort: in short Edward, though poorer than ever, had never been so rich—he possessed the greatest treasure mortal can enjoy—The heart and affections of a heavenly unsophisticated girl.

The next week bounded Harriet's career as a Miss—She was to assume the dignity of matron and mistress of a house—she was to become a wife in nine days—and a mother—(God willing)—in as many months.

Anticipation is no unpleasant employment, particularly when it is pleasure we anticipate; and if I was to say that Miss Vincent did not dream of what was to happen to her when she went to bed—I mean if she did not dream when she went to bed of what was to happen to her—(I like

to be explicit)—I should prove a false historian.

Edward took his leave for the evening at about eleven, and having pressed the fair hand of the angelic Harriet, as she stood on the stairs to wish him good night, he tripped homeward on—

"The light fantastic toe."

He marched, or rather danced along with amazing rapidity, till arrested by a voice from a female—he stopped to listen to a tale of woe, which a mendicant woman implored him to hear.

He immediately enquired what was the cause of her grief, and he was told that she and another poor woman had inhabited one room in a street near St. Giles's, for some time, but that her partner in it was dying, and she could get no doctor to go to her, nor no money to relieve her distress.

Edward had a feeling heart, but he

could not bear to be cheated—he therefore asked the woman if she would lead him to the place where this invalid was? To which she replied—"that if he would like it, certainly," but added, "that she was afraid he would find it a very disagreeable journey."

He however felt interested, and resolved to go and discover the truth of this strenuous advocate's assertions with respect to her partner, as she called her, and therefore assuring her of his perfect readiness to follow her to any place whither she might choose to lead him, they set out on their nocturnal ramble. The lady going first to direct his steps, and guide him to the chamber of sickness and the bed of death.

They passed along quickly till they reached St. Giles's, at which place his guide turning up a narrow street, advised Edward to "take care of the cellars," and having made several sharp twists and doubles, they at length

reached the house, the door of which was shut for the night.

His guide knocked—and applying her mouth to the key-hole made a sound so shrill and dread, that it had hardly passed her lips before somebody without answered.

"I'm coming Jenny—directly."

The door opened, and displayed standing in a dirty (once) *white*-washed passage, a meagre woman without a nose, one eye was extinguished, and the other was looking piteously after it across her face —with one hand she held a farthing-candle, the grease of which was guttering down over her fingers, and with the other she held together her whole stock of drapery—(not more than enough to have clothed a fashionable belle)—in a lump just between her bosom and her waist, thus contriving to make a rusty green baize petticoat answer the purpose of apron and neck-kerchief—her stockingless feet as black with dirt as her

loose greasy hair, seemed trembling as they scraped along the red sand which was thinly sprinkled over a filthy floor.

"Is Nell dead?"—said Edward's guide, in a hollow voice.—"No—not she," replied the feeling Peg.

"Here's a gentleman wants to see her," said the guide.

"She can't see no gentleman," answered the other; "she's been almost mad since you've been gone."—

"I merely want," said Edward, "to give her something to comfort her,"—and then, like me, wishing to be explicit, he added, "I mean some money to buy her medicine."

"Stop a minute, sir,"—cried Jenny,—"and I'll go up to her—walk in a bit, sir."—

Edward obeyed the invitation, and *the ladies* having retired with the candle, he remained in what would have been in a civilized house the parlour, which was illuminated by the half-expiring

coals of a miserable fire; by the glimmering of this flame he perceived three children asleep in a bed, from which the porteress of the house had just risen—all was still and silent as the grave. The only noises to disturb the awful solemnity were the ticking of a little wooden Dutch clock stuck against the wall, and the snoring of several men lodgers in the family, whose room doors, (fastened with padlocks) opened into this anti-chamber.

On the chimney-piece stood a plaster figure of Shakespeare without his head, Milton without an arm, and a bust of the Rev. Mr. Tabernacle Whitfield with his nose off, (even methodist parsons in plaster are not safe in such houses;) a print of King George the Third was stuck against the wall *tête à tête* with Sir Francis Burdett—and Bonaparte was tacked up as a *companion* to her gracious Majesty Queen Charlotte.

A tea cup without a handle, a tea pot

without a spout, and a saucer with a bit of butter and a comb in it, were the ornaments of the shelf.

A cat whose ribs were perfectly countable was asleep before the grate, and a morsel of dried bacon tied up in a half sheet of Cobbett's Register, hung against the wall.

Edward had just time enough allowed him to take an accurate survey of the house below when he was summoned to the sick room.

Upon entering this apartment his astonishment increased—on a miserable bed close to a window in which there was but one sound pane of glass, and with no covering but a filthy counterpane, black with dirt, lay the unhappy object of his search.

Her groans were faint, and her voice appeared delicate—he saw her emaciated arm extended on the outside of the cloathes—it was white and well formed —such a sight was enough for Edward

—he could by the sound she uttered discover that the poor creature was dying, he therefore called a watchman to the door, and giving him a shilling for his trouble, desired him to awaken the first medical man in the neighbourhood, and bring him to the house as soon as he was dressed.

While the guardian of the night was gone in search of a modern Esculapius, Edward resolved to have every comfort procured for the unhappy woman, and bargained with one of her attendants to be her nurse, settled the terms of remuneration, and seeing at the same time that the *nude* Peggy shivered most terribly, he slipped some silver into her hand. and desired her to get something to cheer her under her misfortunes; she obeyed his mandate, and soothed her sorrows for her friend's indisposition in a tankard of gin.

After waiting patiently for about an hour, the watchman brought word to

Edward, that he had called up Mr. Killman, the apothecary, but that he would not come with him unless he saw the gentleman first. Edward therefore lost no time in running to the son of Galen, who immediately accompanied him to the room of sickness.

Edward retired while the apothecary examined his patient, he could learn but little from herself—she was too weak to speak; but from all he saw, he immediately concluded her to be in the last stage of a consumption: the palms of her hands were like raging fire—her face flushed—her legs swelled—her eyes sunk into her head—her voice was so weak that she could hardly utter a word; and in addition to all these symptoms, an inflammation in her throat conspired to her speedy dissolution—she breathed very hard, and her tongue was considerably enlarged.

The medical man declared his opinion to be, that she might linger for a day or

two, and if she could be removed to a clean lodging with a comfortable bed, and an attentive nurse she might, *perhaps*. recover, but he feared that it was very improbable.

Edward immediately agreed in the idea of having her carefully removed, and leaving her in charge of Mr. Killman, he desired particular care to be taken of her, saying at the same time that he would early in the morning find a comfortable apartment for her; and, amply rewarding her guardians, took his leave for the night.

A short sleep having refreshed our hero, he rose early the next day, and having procured a place suited to his mind, in a street close by, he took a hackney coach and proceeded to the house, where he found all those he had left with the invalid carefully attending her.

Having taken the opinion of Mr. Killman as to the possibility of moving her—with the assistance of her nurses,

she was wrapped in a blanket brought from the other lodging on purpose; and lifted into the coach; in which she was conveyed away slowly to her new habitation, Edward walking with Killman to guide the coachman whither they wished him to drive.

Edward had never seen this poor creature, and in his way to Duke-street Bloomsbury, where the lodging he had taken was situated, he enquired whether she appeared to have been pretty. The apothecary replied in the affirmative, but said that her illness had so materially altered her, that there was no judging fairly what her natural features or complexion were.

Having at length reached the desired spot, the invalid was carried up stairs and placed in bed; she expressed her gratitude as well as she was able, and Edward hearing that she was much better, resolved if possible to discover something of her his-

tory, and accordingly seating himself at her bed-side, he addressed himself to her, requesting to know her name.

The moment he had spoken—a convulsion seized her—she trembled—she was agitated—she screamed—he drew aside the curtain to discover the cause—and in the emaciated prostitute before him beheld—ALIVE—HIS WIFE! HIS FANNY MUSGRAVE!!!

He called for help—he fell on his knees. Thanked God for having saved her from so miserable a death, and like a christian prayed for her recovery, though her very existence must prevent the perfection of his heart's desire.

Lucky it was he had discovered her before his marriage,—he took her hand—she turned her ghastly countenance upon him—she trembled—cried, and another fit succeeded her emotions. It was judged prudent that he should leave her for some time, he naturally went to Mrs.

Vincent's—Harriet heard the story—it was too great, too horrid a surprize to her—again the summit of her wishes close at hand—again for ever lost—Musgrave's SORROWS were thickening—his lovely girl—his Harriet could not bear these perpetual mutations of fortune—Her gentle heart was bleeding for her Edward. Yet she could not but admire his noble charity. Had any other man helped a poor creature, as he had done, no evil consequence would have ensued—but affliction followed every action of his—nothing could prosper with him, and he was a wretched mortal.

He staid with the unhappy Harriet, till the hour he had appointed to return to his WIFE; anxious to hear if possible some account of her actions from her own lips, he resumed his place at her bed side, and assuring her of his forgiveness, intreated her to relate, if she was able, what had occurred to her since their parting, which

took place at Bow street, early in the spring.

Fanny raised her head upon her pillow and taking the hand he offered, in a faint voice with many interruptions thus delivered her narrative.

CHAPTER X.

"MUSGRAVE, said the wretched woman, —" my tale is soon told, a series of misfortunes, each more dreadful than the preceding one, have occurred to me since my imprudent, vicious flight with Milton.

"With him I vainly fancied I could enjoy delights I found not with you; by accidental circumstances you were kept from me continually after our marriage, and as I had in my usual style of enthusiasm painted the pleasures of matrimony in the most glowing colors, I was disappointed and chagrined at our separation.

"Irritated and worried by this conduct my displeasure grew into a desire of revenge; and Milton, a favourite former lover

of mine, was at my side; he pleaded, alas! too well and you know the result.—

"When a woman once transgresses, heaven knows where she will stop in her career; and, having once destroyed the social bands which united us, I suffered the *same* desires to gain ascendancy over me without the *same* provocations, and as it appeared on the day when my conduct was exposed at the bar of a court of justice, I allowed the same freedoms to other men as I had granted to Milton.

"But can I leave the world and leave my husband, to think that such conduct was purely the result of my own viciousness and depravity? no, Edward; my friend, Miss Sensitive was my adviser and guide, she depicted so strongly the neglect I experienced that she induced me to accept of her exertions to procure me revenge.—I am not able, my Edward, to tell you half her atrocities, nor do I wish it, she has met with her reward,—almost immediate insanity followed the publication of my

shame, she was conscious how far it rested with her, and that wildness of imagination which was called vivacity and spirit became so uncontrolable that a total loss of reason was the consequence of her friend's downfall.

That you will marry Miss Vincent, Edward is my earnest desire ; it is my most perfect conviction of her capability to make you happy that gives me pleasure when I think of the certainty of your union with her,—it was Miss Sensitive's cruel falsehoods of that amiable girl that first estrayed your heart.—Oh—if ever repentance found a place in mortal breast, —here it reigns supreme.—

" Let me caution you Edward,"—said she, after pausing to recover her strength, " when you are united to this amiable young woman, in your choice of female friends,—the arts and assiduities of men who would rob you of your wife are not half so pernicious to your peace as the crafty advice of women ; I have found it

so to my cost, and I may now venture to whisper a word of advice to you without an imputation of interestedness.

"How deceitful are the promises of seducers!—Milton was devoted to me,—I believed the fond stories he told, looked forward to the pleasures he anticipated, but ah!—in three short weeks he left me, and abandoned me to the solicitations of other men, who seeing my poverty and distress, took the right method to overcome the few scruples I had left.

" My argument to myself when I considered the state to which I was reduced was. —" Can I be ever more despised than now?"—No!—a woman may be induced by an attachment to be faithless to a husband,—but I—have I confined my misdeeds to a *single* instance?—No.—I have admitted a plurality of men to my embraces, and now the ruin such conduct has brought on me must be averted only by a repetition of it.

The first of my admirers,—(if so sen-

sual lovers can be called), was Mr. Belfore, you know him, Musgrave,—he was a visitor at Lady Rosemore's,—he made his offers to me, they were accepted,—I detested the man,—but without his money I could not exist.—A house in the vicinity of Portman-square was appropriated to me, a carriage waited at my door, parties and splendid assemblies filled my rooms with all the first and most fashionable men in town.

"Ministers of state danced at my balls, pillars of the law and members of the senate, sat at my table, peers of the highest order graced my feasts, and I was as happy as my situation would allow.

Belfore was devoted to me,—I hated him, he is a paltry coxcomb, who having wasted more time upon his dress than he ever did upon the cultivation of his mind, lounges into a drawing room lisping out nonsense to every body round him. He has a splendid fortune and meets with at-

tentions, he fancies they are the result of his personal attractions,to heighten which, he takes extraordinary trouble, and thus figures away in the highest circle without a passion or a feeling to animate his countenance, a well dressed automaton.

"A man whose only merit lies in his cloathes, loses all his charms with his habits.—I detested him; and, though he loaded me with presents, they could not make me faithful, and it was a consequence of my admitting as a lover, the young man charged at Bow-street by you with robbing you of your watch, that Belfore abandoned me. After that disgraceful examination I resolved upon leaving England, though I was strongly solicited by the handsome young Allerton to remain where I was.

"Besides an elegant person, this youth offered me a splendid establishment, and during our negotiations, I have often met his sisters in Bond-street while I was

hanging on his arm, and as they passed they have noticed him with a smile, to such a perfection is vice arrived in London !

" His fortune proceeded from his father who had realized an immense sum by importing corn into England, in a scarce year from Russia, and I feared the incapability of the young man to perform all the promises he had made ; I therefore broke off the treaty suddenly, by leaving London, since which I hear, the elegant Allerton has found another lady not so cruel, and she is figuring away in the equipage which he proposed to have made mine.

" Such conduct I know the mischief of," sighed the weakened Fanny. " It is indeed an age of depravity when every young man of *ton*, has his mistress, in whose society he wastes his evenings in repeated scenes of vice, instead of associating with his equals from amongst whom he might select a wife to share the fortune he expends upon a jilt, a woman who

only suffers his company that she may be able to pay her bills, and who would accept of any other companion who could reward her better.

"I wrote to you at this period, to thank you for your offer of my fortune—it would have been very acceptable, for, except the trinkets on my person, I had nothing in the world of Belfore's to keep me from starving, and to so wretched a state was I reduced that it was from one of the most horrid houses in town I dispatched my letter to you, I had passed a vicious wretched night there.—Yes, Edward, from that night I have never known peace of mind! tremble, shudder Musgrave, when I inform you, that the sharer of my bed that night, proved to be MY BROTHER.

"*He* never knew it—nor I till the following morning; a letter he had dropped before we parted, I discovered on the floor—it was to Henry, my brother Henry—he is now at sea—you never saw him—I, but once, since we were children—if

you should ever meet him—keep that circumstance a secret from him—such infamy must insure his curses, spare me those, I have sins enough upon my head already."

Here she fell back exhausted by the fatigue of speaking, and overwhelmed by the recollection of her past infamy.

Having recovered strength sufficient to proceed, she again commenced the narrative. "Resolved upon going to Ireland, I procured a passage in the mail, and afterwards in the packet, and reached Dublin in safety.

"On my arrival at the Irish metropolis, I hired a lodging, and having dressed myself in the most elegant attire I had, I went to the theatre, and in the course of a short time, as a new face, attracted the notice of Sir Edmund Malony, a very handsome Hibernian baronet.

"He escorted me home, and we became very intimate friends, till I discovered that the source of his fortune was gambling, I immediately proposed opening a

house for the resort of hazard players, which idea meeting his approbation, I was introduced to a sister of our community who had *by accident*, put two or three persons' names to bonds which they had never seen, and had in consequence been apprehended for the crime, which she contrived to shift upon her footman, who was actually hanged for it.

"This lady had shewn her dexterity by this contrivance, but she had lost her friends by it at the same time, and it was on *her* secession from Dublin, which was about to take place, that I was to commence this nefarious traffic, and accordingly I succeeded her in her establishment, and started as the mistress of a common gambling house, in a month after my arrival in Dublin.

"It was shortly after this circumstance, that Sir Edward Malony having lost all his money retired to England, and Lord Liffey became my protector in his place, he did not approve of my remaining in a situation

of such publicity, and accordingly took a house for me at the corner of St. Stephen's green where I passed a month of great pleasure.

" Still, however, my desire for gambling kept me constantly in the same society I was accustomed to, when I was president of the tables, and in one week I lost seven thousand pounds—my predecessor's plan was resorted to, to defray those debts of honour, and I committed forgeries on lord Liffey's banker—they succeeded, and having got the money into my hands, I paid my fashionable creditors, and while his lordship was on a visit at Kildare, I took the opportunity of quitting Dublin, having taken the precaution to leave my clothes on the sea shore, with a note, declaring that I had destroyed myself, in order to prevent a pursuit.

"On my arrival in England I proceeded to town, where I soon entered my old haunts, till from late sitting up, debauches of liquor, to which I became addicted to

destroy reflection, I found all the little pretension I had to beauty fast decaying.

" My admirers fell off, and I formed the resolution of going to India, where I should, beyond a doubt, have got a husband, but my money would not allow the voyage, and I descended to be the common creature you have found me.

" Fevers, disease and *poverty*, reduced my frame and enervated my constitution, many a night I have passed at the doors on the steps of those houses into which, one short year before I had been received a welcome visitor, surrounded by smiles and flatterers.

" Spurned from them by the servants, who, twelve little months ago fawned at my feet, I have been driven to pass the hours of night in wandering about the streets to find a shelter from the piercing wind.

" I had no friends, and my education was such that I had no power to earn bread. The drawings which were shewn for mine

—were all from the pencil of my master; the poetry I boasted as the production of my genius was supplied me by Anastatia Sensitive, the airs generally thought to be my composition were all produced from the pen of the young Adolphe, her favourite.

"So that, raised upon the wings of others to too great a height, when I grew giddy the borrowed plumes availed me not, and I fell headlong from the summit of my greatness to the lowest pit of infamy.

"Of needle work and the domestic acquirements of life, I had no idea, confinement I could not bear, I was a genius, and a regular business I could never descend to, thus, then have I remained the miserable being you see me from the time of my return to this hour; which, I trust, will be almost the last of my life."

Poor Fanny;—she was not mistaken; she survived but three days, during which time, Edward never left her,—he called

in the first physicians to her aid—and she expired without a groan.

A mortification had taken place within her stomach, and at the early age of twenty-three, the ANIMATED Fanny Musgrave left this world of sin, in whose vices she had made such rapid progress, and of whose misfortunes she had so prematurely tasted.

Edward, from habit accustomed to draw the most uncomfortable conclusions from circumstances, could not help fancying that *he* was the origin of all her evils.

Had she married Milton, she would now have been happy with him, the mother of a darling child, caressed by *his* family and an honour to her own,— but, no, said he to himself,—" I came and parted her from Milton,—I led her to the altar when she loved him, and when Harriet Vincent was attached to me too:—Fool, villain, that I was,—we might all have been blest, had not my cursed revenge

actuated me to deeds of vice, of folly.—Oh,—Fanny,—I robbed you of your lover,—the PARADISE you might have enjoyed with Milton was LOST for me,—poor ill-fated girl!—You are an instance of the mischief of a female friend,—by her artifices driven to the commission of horrid crimes, by her deserted in their perfection, you have fallen a victim to your fate!

It was in vain that Edward's friends persuaded him to console and assure himself that he was by no means accessary to her misfortunes; Edward was miserable, he felt he had acted wrongly, and no attentions or requests of his acquaintances could draw him from the melancholy recollection of his departed wife.

All he could now do to shew her respect, he resolved upon doing,—a sumptuous funeral was prepared, and he himself, attended by two or three of his dearest friends, among whom was Wilmore, followed her to the grave.

Lady Rosemore, it appears, had heard of her distress, and had been applied to; but this *virtuous* member of society having had the good fortune never to have been *found out* herself, with becoming propriety refused her assistance to a fellow creature who had. Her husband was requested to attend at the funeral of the poor girl, but, he was a peer and a member of the society—for the suppression of vice;—could a saint like Rosemore follow the funeral of a prostitute?—I should say yes,—surely it would have been no such terrible disgrace for a mighty lord to have ridden after a *dead* frail one, when he so perpetually was seen *running* after living ones;—but, he had a character to support, and as a member of the opposition, felt the greatness of his dignity,—and so the once favourite Fanny had no friend left but the husband she had dishonoured.

Let her melancholy conclusion to a misspent life, be a warning to those ANIMATED young ladies, who, without a

solid qualification to enable them to buffet the ills of fortune, launch into the world as finished scholars, professing to know every body and every thing.

Let them reflect—Let them study to know—themselves;—let them consider that one false step destroys them for ever: let them consider that men are generally prone to seduction.—It is their nature as they admire beauty to endeavour to possess it.

They can take no better lesson than from Fanny Musgrave, disgraced, dishonoured, and destroyed,—she was at twenty-three borne to her grave.

Edward's heart melted at the moment of their final separation,—a tear dropped from his eye upon her coffin.—It was a gem worth millions.—He had parted with her for ever.—Wilmore attended him to the coach.—They returned home.

Poor Fanny!

CHAPTER XI.

Musgrave like many other widowers, no sooner found himself one, than he felt a strong sort of inclination to enter the holy state of matrimony a second time, but decency (a devil of a bar to a couple of fond lovers) forbad his union with Harriet for some time to come.

Edward, however, did not conceive himself as a deluded husband, bound to affect a virtue which he had not, that of great grief for his departed wife;—he did his duty by her while she was living, he had fulfilled it when she was dead—h had followed her to the grave, and he had dropped the tear of sorrow on her coffin; but now she was gone for ever; he had done all that was right by one, and did not

see why he should not marry Harriet, and do all that was right by another.

"The torch of Venus burns not for the dead," said our hero, and endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Vincent to allow the match to take place immediately, but she had too nice a sense of decorum, to permit such an innovation on the established customs and etiquette of society, and placed a veto upon all proceedings for three months to come at least.

Edward could not be converted to this theory of hers; he reasoned, argued, and discussed with her; she confuted, confounded, and replied to him; and necessarily the marriage was postponed.

There is a great uncertainty in all worldly matters, this, poor Musgrave knew by experience, and he naturally urged the superiority of an immediate union, but mamma was resolute.

Harriet would have agreed with her Edward, had he even been in the wrong, for she loved him; but though expecta-

tion gives a zest to joy she thought (to speak plain English) that she had waited long enough for a husband, and the perpetual presence of Musgrave kept such droll ideas and comical fancies always in action in her brain, that her health was visibly affected by the postponement of her happiness.

Her cheek was pale, her eyes dull, her manner languid, her appetite failed her, and she complained of lassitude and weariness—Girls often have these symptoms about them, and her mother thought they were nothing—but she was mistaken, and Edward began to be unhappy again for his angelic Harriet's safety.

But if he was alarmed at these symptoms, what could his feelings have been upon finding Mrs. Vincent had formed an acquaintance with Mrs. O'Callaghan, an Irish lady, whose name was the same as that woman who was succeeded in her situation as mistress of a gambling house in Dublin by his late wife.

It was an uncommon name enough—O'Callaghan—it must be the same; and yet, thought Edward, it cannot be—O'Callaghan—O'Callaghan—yes it was O'Callaghan—and thus he went muttering about the room, the first time he saw her, nothing but O'Callaghan—O'Callaghan—O'Callaghan.

She seemed surprised at seeing our hero, the concordance of name with that of her successor in the hazard table struck her—and she asked Mrs. Vincent if he had ever been married—little did that lady suspect whither the question tended.

Now to solve the why and wherefore Mrs. O'Callaghan was at Mrs. Vincent's is the true business of your humble servant.

Mrs. Callaghan was one of those women who live by what many women have not enough of to live by—her wits.—She had seen many strange mutations of fortune, and was at this time a hireling dependent of any body's who chose to engage her.

She undertook to introduce men into the families they wished to be intimate with; she professed to bring together young people, whose diffidence kept them apart; she was the prime minister of a noble marquis, and was now employed by the earl of Shannon an Hibernian friend, (whose name she had tacked to a bond by mistake) to get him familiarized with the Vincents.

This man, having her so completely in his power gave her the choice of perfecting her designs upon the family or of taking her last drop under the fatal tree of justice.

She naturally preferred the former plan; and without knowing what the noble earl intended to do when he *was* introduced, set about the initiation with wonderful celerity.

Edward met him with her at a small party of Mrs. Vincent's, and did not at all relish his society—Harriet he knew would not have accepted him as a hus-

band, had his coronet boasted vine leaves instead of nobs,—it may be enquired, whence his security, for had he made his offer

"———What wondrous cause yet unexplor'd
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord ?"

LOVE :—real LOVE :—Harriet would have scorned empires if she could not have shared them with Edward, and yet with this consciousness of power he was uneasy at the free and easy manner with which this titled man of depravity lolled in his arm chair at his first visit ; the *nonchalance* with which he replied to all questions, and the perfect freedom with which he interrogated others.

He knew that Lord Shannon was a ruined man, the dice-box wielded under he auspices of Mrs. O'Calaghan had robbed him of his fortune, and he was aware that this hopeful chip of Irish no-

bility cared not by what means he retrieved it.

Harriet saw his visits—saw him attentive to her mother, heard her praise his elegance of manners ;—she trembled for the consequences, and her suspicions were all substantiated in a little month, for in four short weeks she found that preparations were actually making for her mother's marriage with the noble earl.

If imprudence can be exemplified at one time stronger than another, it is when a woman of independent fortune, turned of forty, marries a second time ; and if any second marriage could more strongly exemplify imprudence than another, it was that which was to make the happy mother of Harriet Vincent countess of Shannon.

To murmur at her decision would have been to appear interested ; Harriet stifled all her anxiety, and waited the event which was at length formally announced to her by Mrs Vincent's introducing the noble Earl to her as her future father.

When Edward heard of this he foresaw that there would presently arise new difficulties and obstacles in the way of his marriage,—to speak of money to Harriet was prophanation; her lips were only formed for love;—any thing like an interested conversation on his part he could not bear, she did not like to open the subject, and thus too scrupulously observing the rules of delicacy they went on till a week before the earl's nuptials.

Musgrave then thought it necessary to speak to Mrs. Vincent on the subject of his wedding, which in truth she appeared entirely to have forgotten, in the bustle and business of her own, and when he reminded her how nearly arrived the period of his anxieties was, and hinted that the sooner he became her son the better he should be pleased, she was seized with a fit of forgetfulness, and did not at all recollect that any thing on the matter was finally settled.

The art of *forgetting* is one more studied

than any other ; it is the most readily acquired and the most easily practised. It saves prodigious trouble, and helps men out of more mischiefs than any other known science under the sun.

To forget nature is avowedly the system of fashion; to forget husbands, wives, and children is the first maxim in high life ; to forget his creditors is the practice of the man of exalted fortune; and to forget themselves is universally the *ton* with people of ALL ranks.

To forget promises is a common usage —Mrs. Vincent followed it, and with a steady vacant stare, seemed to insinuate that she did not feel herself bound to abide by any former engagement. The truth was, that she imagined when she was once countess of Shannon, there would be such an *eclat* attending all her actions, that Harriet beautiful and amiable as she was, would be followed and sought after by those of her mother's rank in life, and that eventually she would become the

wife of some nobleman, who would confer a similar honor on her to that which was enjoyed by her parent; but alas, her schemes were not sufficiently deep!

Edward felt ten thousand unpleasant sensations, from the coldness of Mrs. Vincent's conduct, but they were all quelled by the firm and irrevocable constancy of her child.—Harriet loved him more and more every hour, as every succeeding one gave her new proofs of his attachment to her, and she herself spoke to her mother upon the business in which her lover had been checked, and received her mother's promise to agree to any thing and to every thing as it had been arranged, provided she did not *worry* her just then.

Too good and too amiable to suspect deception, the dear girl remained silent; and her mother in a few days bestowed her hand upon lord Shannon, at Saint George's, Hanover-square, whence with

Harriet they sat off for a shooting-box o his lordship's near———— in Surrey.

This was tantalization to the poor girl, she was carried down to a wedding,—and not her own;—her conduct, however, was exemplary, and she beheld her mother's elevation to rank with pleasure, because she saw it was the cause of pleasure to her: but alas! short sighted mortals see no farther than the present moment; and the deluded countess of Shannon, had hardly returned to town ten days, before she began to regret her rashness in accepting the earl's offer.

Relying on the honour of so great a man, she had entrusted him with all her papers, and by degrees he had actually contrived to make himself master of every shilling of her property, which he wasted indiscrimately upon different amiable objects.—Two or three jockies were paid from her purse, race-horses maintained, and prize-fighters fed; her house became

the resort of all the *slang* fashionables in town, and the earl had musical parties and suppers every evening, at which his lady of course could not preside, after which he would take a stroll to the subscription house, pick his teeth with the club, clear his thousand, and return to bed about five.

This system he began before the expiration of the honey-moon—his next step was to persuade young Fitzallan, the junior son of a peer to make love to Harriet; because, as he would from an uncle inherit a large fortune, he thought he might if he married her contrive to get it into his own power. Mrs. O'Callaghan told Miss Vincent what an amiable creature Fitzallan was—and having introduced him, he took such liberties with the angelic timid girl, that she complained to Edward, who instantly would have chastised him for his impertinence, had not she on her knees implored him not to risk his life against so consummate a puppy.

He therefore took another mode, that of insisting on a definitive answer from the countess, as to his union with her daughter, Harriet having declared that she would if necessary take any steps to effect it, as they had now reached the termination of their *infancy* and might be united without a journey to Scotland.

Lady Shannon seeing the depravity of her husband, and observing how materially her daughter's health was affected by the delay of her marriage, at length gave her final consent to the ceremony; and happening to mention the circumstance to her peer, he in a fit of intoxication after a *lucky night* threw into her lap, bank notes, which she from her private purse was able to encrease to ten thousand pounds worth, as a portion for the girl, and having given it to her child she requested Musgrave to be the guardian of it, as the properest person she could trust it to.

At this juncture a circumstance of some importance to Edward took place, and one which he could little have suspected.

A letter from India announced the death of his elder brother at Bengal, and Neville his solicitor gave it as his opinion that from the words of the will, Edward might still recover the fortune; since, the senior Musgrave having been defunct at the time Lord Dewberry made that will, our hero was evidently and indubitably the *eldest* son of the late Mr. Musgrave.

This legal quibble pleased Musgrave, not only from the prospect it held out to him, but from the nicety of distinction and play upon words. He desired his solicitor to take advice upon the point and proceed accordingly.

By the same fleet which brought the intelligence of Musgrave's death, Colonel Eglinton a *ci-devant* lover of Harriet's returned to England, he had only proceeded to St. Helena, when having become violently enamoured of a fellow passenger, and being attacked by a fever, he was obliged to give up his intention of going to Bengal, and had prevailed upon the

beautiful girl to give him her hand in marriage Eglinton called upon the *Countess Shannon,* and requested permission to introduce his lady, this of course was immediately granted, and the following morning Mrs. Eglinton made a visit to the peeress attended by her husband.

The moment they met,—a tremulous confusion seemed to oppress them—Harriet coloured,—Mrs. Eglinton exclaimed "Good God,"—and the countess cried out with astonishment—"Why, MARY, is it you, my dear?"

The Colonel who never had heard his wife mention the Vincents as acquaintances of hers wondered at this apparent knowledge of them, and his never having mentioned them till the morning of introduction led the late MARY WILLIAMS into their company unawares.

Yes, gentle reader, this was the result of an INDIA VOYAGE,—the guilty,—humble Mary is now a lady gay, and the reasons for her concealing the name of Vincent

from her husband are not more evident than his for never mentioning it to her.

An explanation was necessary to Eglinton, it was given by the countess in the very way Mary would have wished,—she owned her for an old acquaintance,—and thus set all things right.

Here are mutations of fortune, here changes in life,—a Manchester stuff-seller's child, as a countess, recognizes a ruined farmer's daughter as the wife of a lieutenant-colonel!

From the ignorance of her *real* state, in which Mary had kept the Vincents she was perfectly safe.—Nothing makes a woman so little inclined to blab as never trusting her with a secret. Mrs. Eglinton and Harriet were excellent friends, and vowed as it were an intimacy, when she like the little rural frail one, should have entered the holy state of matrimony; and thus Eglinton saw the foundation laid for an acquaintance with Musgrave and his family, whence he promised himself much pleasure and comfort.

But alas !—The foulest day may have the fairest dawn, and though prospects have latterly brightened with our hero,—my gentle readers are not to suppose that he is to possess the wealth which he hopes for.—It remained to be argued, tried and disputed, and when a man with only ten thousand pounds in his pocket gets into a law suit,—Heaven knows where he may get next.

CHAPTER XII.

The dashing little Mrs. Eglinton filled her station remarkably well; the timid bashfulness of her manners was changed to the careless air of ton, and the lieutenant colonel, happy in his ignorance of his wife's former conduct, appeared delighted with his pretty spouse.

The families became very intimate, and indeed lady Shannon required all the good offices of friendship to keep up her spirits. The earl had actually obtained possession of all her property, with the exception of the ten thousand pounds Edward had in his hands, and his treatment of her had now become truly disgusting.

The honourable Mr. Fitzallan was always thrust into Harriet's company, by Mrs. Callaghan, though the coldness

with which the ingenuous girl received him, left him but little hope of success; and, when he heard that her wedding day was actually fixed, he made his visits less frequently, to the great delight of Harriet, who to avoid his disgusting importunities, had since her return associated a good deal with Mrs. colonel Eglinton.

Musgrave now began serious arrangements for the marriage, and in company with the countess and her amiable daughter, he proceeded to take a cottage on the banks of the Thames near Twickenham, where elegance and taste were to supply ornaments, and œconomy and attention to provide comforts for the delighted couple.

Now did Harriet first feel real happiness; without the fear of reproof either from others or herself, she could with pleasure return the soft squeeze of the hand when Edward dared presume, and could exchange a kiss, without a doubt as to its propriety. Alone with him she loved the

best on earth, she mingled in scenes she had before been prevented entering ; and, in the contemplation of the raptures still in store for her, found a joy she had never experienced.

Edward, meanwhile, was busied in endeavours to support his claim to the Dewberry estates, when a circumstance occurred which augured little comfort in lady Shannon's family.

Musgrave had for a long time regarded Mrs. Callaghan with an eye of suspicion, but so prepossessed was the countess in her favour, that she would not hear even a doubtful word whispered to her disadvantage, and our hero felt no great pleasure in hearing that she had been prevailed upon to accept an invitation to a cottage Mrs. Callaghan had at Kew.

To this cottage Lady Shannon however agreed to go, and with Harriet engaged herself to stay three or four days ; this displeased Edward materially, particularly as Mrs. Callaghan, taking advantage of

his hatred for her, which she had shrewdness enough to discover, had not included him in the invitation.

When they left town he cautioned Harriet against Mrs. Callaghan's arts, and parted with her even for three short days with regret and sorrow.

On the first day after their departure Edward happening to pass through the street where Lord Shannon's house was situated, was rather surprised at seeing several men busied in removing furniture into waggons, and enquired at the door what it meant, the servants told him it was by his lordship's orders, they knew nothing more, upon which he thought it would not be unadvisable to let his lordship's lady know what he was doing in her absence; he accordingly resolved after dusk the next evening to go down to Kew and obtain a private interview with Lady Shannon, for which very friendly action I think I could find out another motive, that—of seeing her daughter.

In the mean time Lady Shannon and Harriet were passing their time very pleasantly, for Mrs. Callaghan, to make it agreeable had engaged Cranston the agile Hercules of the day, to dine with her, and he by way of dessert leaped over handkerchiefs, chairs and tables, and assisted by a conjuring friend, displayed several extraordinary feats,—he was a prodigious favourite of Mrs. Callaghan's—she had known him in Ireland—he was a prodigious man—the best leaper in the country, and in wrestling *unique*, he could throw a fall admirably, and nine times out of ten would tumble uppermost.

This gentleman and Capt. Kennington a delightful singer, were equally assiduous to please the ladies, the Captain was an universal favourite, as all men are who with talents to delight are free from affectation and conceit, and who appear to have no wish but to please those friends they happen to be with. Kennington was equally admired by the men and the

women, he had every qualification to gain the esteem of the one sex, and every accomplishment to win the affection of the other.

These two gentlemen and Fitzallan were the male visitors.—Mrs. Leslie the lady whose anger was excited by our hero's forcible expulsion of her son's teeth, and Mrs. Vapid were the female ones.

Mrs. Leslie has been described already, and Mrs. Vapid may very soon be so,—she was a prettyish *dawdle*, who having been flattered by Mrs. Callaghan's marquis, fancied herself a Venus; and with a pair of little puny eyes and a nose curled over her upper lip, she lolled her head back to shew her throat, rubbed her eyebrows to shew her hand, stretched out her leg to shew her ancle, and talked scandal to shew her breeding.

It is said the marquis had completely spoiled her—her husband can best tell,—but she had been like an owl dazzled by a prodigious star, which the nobleman had

flashed before her eyes, and though he was married—and had no intention to break the bonds of Hymen which held her to her spouse, she was deluded by his falsehoods and encouraged him as an avowed flirt.

Oh, that women should be caught like gudgeons by such a bait,—fishes are their superiors in intellect, in the one respect—fish will only bite where there is a bait,—women will snap at the naked hook.

It is wonderful,—but naked hooks are comical things.

With this little entertaining party was Harriet detained, and her unsuspecting mother as little imagined what was going forward in town, as Edward could have imagined the schemes which were actually putting in practice against his happiness in the country,—luckily, however, the circumstance of his having seen the motions of the earl's household induced him to go down to Kew.

He was naturally too proud to go openly to Mrs. Callaghan's as she had pointedly

neglected to invite him, and he hoped merely to catch a peep at the countess so as to inform her privately of what was going forward.

He arrived at Kew early in the evening, but his attempts were vain at an interview. The night came on and he had not been able to see her, and he resolved to dispatch a note to her from the inn, for which purpose he called up a waiter and enquired if he knew Mrs. Callaghan's,—the man replied in the affirmative, but asked Edward whether he was the gentleman the Hon. Mr. Fitzallan expected.

Our hero of course said no,—the waiter however, seemed to doubt him, and he on the other hand, did not much like the waiter; presently, however, another gentleman entered the house wrapped up in a great coat, and on seeing Musgrave left it precipitately.

Edward saw there was something like a mystery,—and in about ten minutes another waiter entered the room and without saying any thing, gave Edward a letter—

he did not expect one,—but when he cast his eyes on the superscription, he only saw the word "private" written,—no other word was there on the outside of the envelope.

Thinking, therefore, that he had been successful in his efforts to be seen by Harriet, or her mother, he asked the man whence he brought it.

"From Mrs. Callaghan's, sir," was his reply, after making which, he left the room.

Edward immediately burst open the note, and to his horror read as follows:

My dear Marquis,

"A thousand thanks for your carriage. Callaghan is firm to me—she has asked the old one and the young one both here—we have taken the lock off Harriet's bedroom door, and have cut the wire of the bell—by God the girl is very beautiful, she is worth risking a little for—Callaghan means to give her some cursed strong

powders in negus after supper, and something to lull the mother to sleep too—Cranston will prevent Mrs. Vapid from making a noise, and we have nothing to do but to get her clear off, for she likes me now hellishly—you will give us a breakfast on the road, and as Kennington who is here sleeps at the inn, I see no bar to proceedings. I've ordered the horses at one,

"Your's ever,

"*Fitzallan.*"

Here was a discovery—Mrs. Callaghan was plotting against his innocent Harriet—what was he to do? it was evident that the man he had seen before, was the marquis to whom this note was addressed.

Where was he?

He made the enquiry.

Gone to town.

So much the better, thought Edward—Kennington I am sure is not in their plot, he is a young man of real high honour,

and has too much love for women to force one—to him will I disclose the whole plan, and with his assistance frustrate it.

At twelve Kennington arrived from the cottage, Edward met him, and told him the discovery he had made—with a little Irish blood in his veins, and a great deal of English courage in his heart, he instantly swore to use his efforts to frustrate the scheme, and in about twenty minutes hearing horses putting to a carriage in the yard, and knowing their destination, they walked slowly on towards Mrs. Callaghan's, having armed themselves with pistols, in each of which was a fit reward for the scoundrel who would violate the inclinations of a beautiful girl, and tear her from the arms of the man she loves.

In a few minutes the carriage arrived at what they imagined the place of appointment, and in a minute or two afterwards Fitzallan (as they supposed) came from the

Cottage, and spoke to the boys who were on their horses—a man servant having opened the door, seated himself on the step of the chariot, on which Kennington recognized the arms of Avondale—villain! murmured he; scoundrel! whispered Edward.

Presently a rustling among the leaves announced the approach of some person, and in a moment afterwards, Fitzallan appeared, assisted by another man, holding in his arms the innocent Harriet asleep.

They advanced,—reached the carriage, when Edward springing forward levelled a blow at his face which brought the sprig of fashion to the ground,—the man who attended him turned on Kennington who fired his pistol over his head with a view of creating an alarm rather than of doing actual mischief,—it had a double effect, in a moment two gentleman ran towards them, and in less than a minute the superb travelling carriage of the Marquis was dashed to pieces, the horses having taken fright at the report of the pistol.

Harriet however was safe, Edward held her to his breast,—she was still unconscious of her danger and her escape, Fitzallan having risen, attempted to strike at Edward, but the gentlemen who had joined them, seeing him the champion of a woman, seized the honourable young man and held him from doing any mischief.

Edward and Kennington requested them to lead the poltroon Fitzallan to the inn and wait for them, as they felt it necessary to alarm Lady Shannon and call Mrs. Callaghan to an account for her proceedings.

This they accordingly did, but from her could get no satisfaction, Lady Shannon was,however, sufficiently assured of the impropriety of staying any longer where they were, and although in bed at the time the fracas took place, she was up and ready to receive the deliverers of her daughter on their entrance to the cottage.

Finding Mrs. Callaghan abusive rather than communicative they laid hold of the

servant who had assisted Fitzallan, and from his confession made before the amiable hostess, they learned that having given Harriet a strong dose of sleeping powders, she had after they had retired to rest gone into Miss Vincent's room under the pretence of sitting with her, to prevent her undressing herself, and that she had actually remained with her till the medicine had thrown her into a profound slumber.

That she had then, according to a stipulation between herself and Fitzallan, given him notice, and that he had proceeded accordingly; the medicine would have kept her insensible for six hours had she not been forcibly disturbed and, even now she was in a state of torpidity from which even these events could not rouse her.

This was a fashionable acquaintance,—this was the Irish importation Lady Shannon had been so fond of, and against whose arts Edward had prudently warned her,—her eyes, however, now were opened, and hav-

ing dispatched her servant to inquire if they could be accommodated with beds at the inn, and having received an answer in the affirmative, they walked from the cottage at about two o'clock escorted by Kennington and our hero.

Where Cranston had been or what doing, it puzzled the ladies to know, till by inuendos Kennington informed them that Mrs. Callaghan's country house was a favorite retreat of married women who preferred other men to their husbands, and in short so perfectly displayed the character of its mistress that the mother of Harriet shuddered when she recollected the dangers and disgrace to which she had unwittingly exposed herself and her child.

For Fitzallan,—Edward satisfied himself with horse-whipping him till he could barely crawl away from under the lash, and after beating him thus severely he kicked him out of the parlour of the inn into the yard, where he became the derision even of the stable-boys, who had the feelings of

human beings, and who regarded a nobleman's son, who would disgrace himself by forcing a beautiful girl from her mother and from her lover in *her sleep,* as a cowardly contemptible fool, who having neither wit nor accomplishment to gain a female heart, was obliged to turn thief and steal the casket that contained one.

Hail England, happy island !—Let your enemies rail at you and condemn you,—fear nothing,—prosper,—flourish and still be free,—While you have women,—amiable,—beautiful and virtuous,to cover your shores you cannot be unhappy, and while you have men with hearts to love those women and arms to protect them you cannot be unsuccessful.

I am an ENGLISHMAN ! and I glory in the name when I consider that in no country in the world is there so much beauty, —and that in no country in the world is beauty more highly prized,—Fitzallan the son of a peer,—admired and caressed, no sooner insults a woman than his

stable-boys despise him. This is the spirit of freedom, this the sense of honor,—long may it continue,—Woman, sweet woman, is our pride, our comfort and our happiness.

" She is our goods, our chattels,—every thing," for her all danger is to be braved, all hardships endured,—without her we could not live, for her we dare TO DIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

After this very extraordinary event in which Musgrave's spirit and readiness to defend his intended bride had been so properly displayed, Mrs. Callaghan was not very popular with Lady Shannon, who when the morning came, and brought with it a letter from the hostess of the cottage, refused even to hear of any thing like a reconciliation or explanation; she had been guilty of the greatest atrocities, and nothing she could say in her defence could extenuate the infamy of her conduct.

As for Fitzallan, he had been so completely beaten by Edward, that he could not get up out of his bed, and not being able at the hour he had received his reward, to obtain medical assistance, he might certainly have exclaimed

"Non possum *surgere*."

The contemptible fool of quality had in his outrage upon Harriet Vincent committed an act for which he had incurred perpetual abhorrence from every MAN of his acquaintance, but for the young lady herself, she was so ill in consequence of his attempted violence, that she could not leave her chamber the next day, and necessarily Lady Shannon was obliged to remain with her at the inn till the following morning, when finding herself better they proceeded slowly to town accompanied by Edward; Kennington had been forced to leave them the preceding evening to attend his general at a dinner party, a campaign at which *aids du camps* are of particular service

Cranston called upon Lady Shannon at the inn to assure her of his ignorance in the matter, which she readily believed, as she knew he was a professed admirer of women, and an Irishman, for both of which characters he had too great a veneration either to disturb the peace of a fe-

male, or to deny an action he had committed.

Mrs. Callaghan's defence in answer to the accusations of Musgrave, which she understood were couched in pretty strong terms, was that she could not command Mr. Fitzallan's actions, and that as to the story of the powders and the negus, it was only a fabrication of her footman's, who had been incited to such assertions by the hopes of reward, and in consequence of a quarrel which he had been just before engaged in with his mistress.

But her disputes with footmen were ominous things—one of her domestics had paid for being one of her domestics with his life—he had been hanged in Ireland for a forgery of which she had been guilty; —the less she talked of the infamous conduct of servants the better—she was conscious of it, and contenting herself with turning Lady Shannon into ridicule for the great care she took of her girl, coiled herself up in security to watch the result of

other plans in agitation against the comfort of that lady.

These plans began to take effect on her ladyship's return to town, when she reached her own house she found, as Edward said, all the furniture removed, a strange servant opened the door, and on her attempting to enter it, he enquired whom she pleased to want?

Naturally a little surprised at the question, she told the man she did not understand it, saying that she was come home, but that she wanted nothing particular.

To this, however, the domestic replied, that he fancied there was some mistake, for all his master's family were at home and just then sat down to dinner.

"Your master's family, sir?" said Lady Shannon—"he has no family but myself and daughter."

"Oh yes," answered the man,—"he has, Madam—Sir Peter has a wife and seven children.

"And who is Sir Peter," enquired her

ladyship, "Sir Peter Plumwell—my master, Madam," said the man, "whose house this is."

"This," exclaimed the Countess,—"this house, sir, is my house, Lady Shannon's house."

"Oh,—Lady Shannon—I beg your ladyship's pardon," replied the servant,—"it was Lord Shannon's house—but his lordship does not live here now,—I have a letter for you from his lordship, Madam."

Saying which he put into her hand the following epistle:

"My dear Lady Shannon,

"I am sorry to be the messenger of bad tidings—my luck failed me—and my *friend* Plumwell having gained all my ready money by a fortunate hit, won my house;—as his family were just coming to town he has entered it,—we therefore must reside at ——— in the summer, and when you wish to be in town a Hotel will

answer the purpose,—the furniture went with it,—every thing that is yours however is sacred, and has been removed to the villa, where I will meet you to-morrow.

" Farewell, yours most truly,

" *Shannon.*"

" Very well," said the miserable wife—its very well,"—and with a forced smile while her heart was breaking, she ordered the post boys to go on to the villa.

This was the result of her second marriage—ruined himself, by the arts of Mrs. Callaghan, by *her* arts the Earl had recovered himself at the expense of Mrs. Vincent's fortune, and while by the guilty deceit of the same odious wretch, the unsuspecting woman had been invited out of town, he had gambled away the house *she* had purchased not a month before.

Her eyes were now opened to her own folly in having accepted an offer of mar-

riage from a man whose general character for dissoluteness must have promised every thing unpleasant, and whose manners were neither amiable nor prepossessing, but whose only recommendation was his title, —poor woman, she had snapped at a lord that she might have coronets for her coach, and now she was reduced to have no coach for her coronets.

Harriet and Edward ventured to chime in an opinion, and now their parent, (as she was soon to become) even blamed them for the scrupulosity they had observed in not having warned her more forcibly than they had, before she had concluded the negotiations for this ridiculous match.

Lord Shannon never made his appearance at the villa, though three days had elapsed, and the first intelligence his wife obtained of him was from the *Morning Post*, in whose columns she read of his arrival at some brother peer's country seat, where he was engaged to pass a fortnight.

Harassed and vexed at his conduct, she sent a note to request Mrs. Eglinton's company, to stay with her, in hopes of enlivening the dullness of the time till her lord should return ; but alas, misfortune generally awaits pretenders, and Mrs. Eglinton's whole story had been discovered.

A friend of Colonel Eglinton's happened to know old Williams, and the moment he saw his dashing lady, he recognized her for the expelled daughter of the honest farmer, the consequences may naturally be anticipated, the Colonel flew into a violent rage, and declared he never would sleep another night under the same roof with her,—this resolution he very soon broke, for when he reflected that his was a marriage made up on an India voyage, and considered what he might have expected from a girl going out husband hunting he resolved to hush up the matter, and the noble Colonel and his fashionable wife, dash through all, the first circles, a very Darby and Joan.

Musgrave's estate business did not go on as it should;—the lawyers were afraid of not being able to support their quibbling claim, and Edward not having money sufficient to warrant his risquing a large sum, was not very anxious to have the matter prosecuted, and he was the less sanguine about the event, as he had secured Harriet, and in her his happiness was centered.

The day was rapidly approaching that was to give this lovely girl to his arms, and after so long and so worrying a space of time as he had been anticipating this delightful event, the near arrival of it was nothing very unpleasant.

Their cottage was prepared, their establishment fixed, and the day at hand,—the morning at length arrived ;—Lord Shannon had made his appearance at the villa the night before,—he had apologized so elegantly for his conduct, that his lady forgot and forgaveall that had passed —the sun of the following day rose with

superior brilliancy, Edward beheld the glorious orb commence that day with sensations past defining. It was before that sun had sunk again, that Harriet was to be his, and before it again rose, that he was to possess all the charms he had had in view for years.

He gaily anticipated the rapturous moments in store for him, when the yielding maid should hide her blushes in his arms, and be led to the nuptial couch, from whence "a maid she ne'er should rise again."

Harriet's imagination was equally fertile, she pictured to herself the delicious sports of love in whose sweet mysteries she was that night to be initiated.

Custom, and the usage of the world, command, that girls formed for bliss and the truest refinements of delight, should shut their eyes and their ears at the mandates of prudence, and never, even for a moment, let their passions gain an ascen-

dancy over them ; what then, are their sensations when uncontrouled, they are by a short ceremony privileged to roam and ramble to the very summit of pleasure, without the frowns of angry parents, the whispers of envying friends, or what is still worse, the fear of *consequences*.

Harriet loved Edward,—Edward loved Harriet, and the triumph of their passion was at length secured;—at eight the happy couple met,—they felt rather more awkward than they ever had felt in their lives before.—*She* threw her eyes upon the ground—*he* threw his eyes on her, and as they proceeded to the little village church, their extacy was complete.

The service was read,—the ring placed on the delicate finger of Mrs. Musgrave, and Edward became at twenty-three, a HUSBAND for the SECOND TIME.

They returned to the villa, and here it was that Mrs. Musgrave's mother gave her daughter the advice she deemed ne-

cessary.—Edward listened to her with delight, and seated between her and mamma, he passed his morning in delicious expectation of the coming night.

"My children," said Lady Shannon, "I have lived in the world longer than you have,—I have seen more of its ways, and have noticed the rocks whereon its people have split;—hear what I say to you, now, and when I am in my cold grave, you will recollect this moment, and treasure my advice as virgin gold.

"There are duties in the marriage state, some of which are appropriated to either party;—some reciprocal in both,—of the latter, the obligation is entirely the same; and the consciences of both, are equally violated by a failure in them, though the penalty, reproach and disgrace, fall more heavy on one side than they do on the other.

"By these duties, my children," said she, "I understand a perfect affection, firm loy-

alty and sincerity, uncorrupted faith, and an unreserved communication of all things between man and wife, thus by their ingenuousness preventing either of them from having any thing peculiar exclusive of the right and claim of the other. To these I add a prudent and provident care in the management of domestic affairs, a just and unassuming authority over servants, a diligent inspection into their own manners, and a proper regard for the advantages of those who belong to them.

"Of the peculiar duties of the husband, he should protect, cherish, and support his wife; he should instruct her in every point that may contribute to her honour, comfort, and advantage, rendering her by his attentions, fully competent to the duties expected from her character; his manners towards her should be gentle and sweet, blending in the softest union the tenderness of a parent, and the politeness of a friend.

"He should maintain her not in wilful extravagance, but to the best of his ability —his conduct should not be influenced in this respect by what her fortune was before their marriage—such a consideration is beneath the dignity of nature, for nothing after their union is to be looked to but the close and intimate relation between them; œconomy is almost a virtue, but when the master of a family retrenches the expences of his household, his private expences should be curtailed as well—his wife is bound to share his sorrows, she should be partner in his advantages.

"For the loving her, Edward—and cherishing, I fancy I need say little—you have known each other long enough to be acquainted with each other's dispositions, take advantage of that pre-knowledge to accommodate yourselves to them—I am much mistaken if I shall ever hear a complaint from Harriet.

"For you miss," said lady Shannon, "it

is your duty to pay all becoming respect to your husband—look upon him as an affectionate master, while he treats you as a friend—loquacity in a woman is a qualification neither pleasing nor desirable, do not suffer yourself therefore too great a liberty of speech, a tattling female who *hears* in confidence one day, and *betrays* the next, whose business is to scandalize her female friends, and who runs from family to family, with tales partly gleaned from those who are fond of circulating reports, and partly formed in her own imagination, is a contemptible treacherous character, neither to be loved nor esteemed.

"There are, alas!" added the mother, "many women I know, who make a constant practice of this sort of news-carrying, and the consequence is that their whole circle of acquaintance are generally involved in disputes, for no sooner does one of these domestic vipers squeeze from one unsuspecting friend, a word which

can be turned to the disadvantage of another, than she twists it from its meaning, distorts the construction of a sentence, and perverting the intention of the person who has said it, flies to those whose names are involved in it, informs them of the *infamous* conduct of their mutual acquaintance, stirs up a family against an individual, who in consequence feels the dislike of every part of it, and is finally shut out from the society of those he prefers to any other set of people in the world.

"Avoid such idle conduct," said lady Shannon, "my dear Harriet, I have hitherto found your opinion on this subject agree with mine, and I have observed that you have acted on a very different system; continue to shun such manners, they are not those of the friend, the wife, nor the gentlewoman.

"There is one case where loquacity in a woman becomes a virtue: where her husband's character is called in question, to praise HIM, her tongue is free, and so long as its words

are dictated by the feelings, volumes would not be too much to speak in such a cause.

"Of œconomy my children," continued the countess, "I need not point out the necessity,—by my folly I am sorry to say, as well as Edward's misfortunes, your income is very small, five hundred pounds a year will hardly meet your expences—with care and attention it may—for œconomy is a fortune in itself, the observation or neglect of it, without any other casualty, is enough to preserve or ruin a family, but when I advocate its use let me observe there is as wide a difference between care and parsimony as there is between a niggardly disposition and good housewifry.

"Be not ashamed, my Harriet, to confess yourself your own housekeeper,—disdain no office wherein you may add to the comforts of your husband,—It is your duty and I am sure you will not shrink from the execution of it,—for the other parts of your obligations to each other—"

"I think we are perfectly *aufait*," cried Edward,—"leave me alone, my dear Lady Shannon for being a good husband,—a short time will give your daughter an opportunity of judging,—ask her to-morrow-morning, and if she finds fault with me, I'll give her up for ever.—I shall be indulgent and kind to her without yielding my due dignity; my maxim is, in marriage begin as you would go on, do not sacrifice your authority by suffering your wife to commence her career in a different manner from that in which you wish her to continue; shew your power early, for once get a woman under and you may do what you will.———

"With respect to your domestic arrangement, I perfectly agree with you; and let me be ever so inclined to spend, if I bring myself to the regular mode of settling my family accounts once a week, I shall always be able to calculate upon the expences of the next seven days, and thus by knowing what my power of answering demands

may be, regulate my proceedings accordingly."

This ready acquiescence on the part of Musgrave pleased his mother-in-law particularly,and after dinner for which, *strange to say*, Harriet had very little appetite, the carriage which was immediately to transport the happy pair to their cottage at Twickenham drove up to the door.

The night was very dark, and it was very probable something might happen on the road between their houses; I mean thieves might attack the carriage, and in it was Harriet's stock of jewels, which though not great, was evidently too valuable to lose.

To resist any impertinent demands, therefore, Edward borrowed a brace of pistols of Lord Shannon who had honoured them with his company at dinner, and having received her mother's blessing, the beautiful bride stepped into the carriage.—

She looked that night more lovely than ever, her fine blue eyes sparkled like dia-

monds, the dew of love hung on her ruby lips, and her hair carelessly fallen out of its fixed and regular curls sported loosely over her neck, and from under a straw hat which she had artlessly tied under her chin her countenance seemed to have in it an expression new as it was beautiful.

In a transport of joy did Edward follow her—to happiness—happiness for Musgrave? never—his fate interposed.

The pistols were loaded with two balls each—they had been laying in the Earl's bed chamber—they were cocked—Edward knew nothing of this, and as he leaped into the carriage, a cane he held in his hand touched the hair-trigger of one of them, and in a moment—the half of a moment—the hopes, the wishes of his heart are gone,—the lovely Harriet, covered with blood, fell wounded to the bottom of the carriage.

The contents of the pistol did horrid execution—one ball struck her cheek and, lace-

rating her beautiful face, glanced against her shoulder and passed through the carriage,—the other entered the body just below the left breast, near to the heart, and remained in the wound—her screams were horrid, and in a moment Edward lost his senses,—lucky it was for him that he did,—he escaped seeing his angel in the agonies of death,—he was with difficulty moved to an apartment distant from hers, and two skilful surgeons having been sent for to the bleeding girl, the ball was with extreme difficulty extracted, but she was, alas, declared in so dangerous a state that recovery was hopeless.

CHAPTER XIV.

As soon as Musgrave had in some measure recovered his reason, he insisted upon being conducted to Harriet, but the surgeons and physician in attendance denied him that privilege; she was in a very precarious state, and an irritation of mind would inevitably destroy the few hopes they had of her recovery.

Now were his SORROWS at their height: to have known that Harriet was even *slightly* indisposed, would have distracted him, but to be convinced that she was in the most imminent danger from a wound INFLICTED by HIMSELF, was a circumstance which kept him in a state nearly bordering on madness.

Lady Shannon never left her daughter's bed-side—the beautiful girl was perfectly calm, she enquired frequently after her Edward, and submitted to the painful operations necessarily performed, with heroic fortitude.

Her countenance was, alas! no longer beautiful; a dreadful wound had destroyed the charms for which her fame had sounded through the festive meetings of the men who knew her—the ball had traversed the cheek bone, and fired by MUSGRAVE's hand, the envious lead had spoiled the fairest flower in nature.

Yet heavenly in her disposition, what was her prevalent sensation, when stretched on the bed of pain and sickness? *fear*, not for herself, but Musgrave—she was assured that he had been more dangerously wounded than herself, and that it was for that reason he was kept from her—to so great a degree did this apprehension increase, that to satisfy her doubts, it was deemed

prudent to permit their meeting for a few minutes.

When our unfortunate hero received the summons to attend lady Shannon to her daughter's room, he obeyed it with alacrity; but when he reached the bed side, and saw the havoc he had committed, all the appearance of insanity which had subsided reappeared in him, he raved, he wept, he called on her for forgiveness, and behaved so wildly, that it was by force only he could be dragged from the apartment where the suffering angel lay.

In the mean time, Harriet every hour grew worse, the wound was violently inflamed, and the medical men looked grave. —Lady Shannon was kept in ignorance of her daughter's great danger, and hope cheered her in her exertions for her resuscitation.

One day more, however, increased the symptoms of mortification, and the venerable doctor Mordaunt would no longer consent to deceiving a parent so devoted-

ly attached to her child as the countess, and in the most tender and compassionate manner, disclosed to her the fatal truth that her daughter, he was convinced, could not survive another day.

When conviction came to the countess on the subject, when she heard the fate of her Harriet decided, when she saw the fair flower of her hopes blighted and blasted by an untimely blow, she was unable to bear the shock, her reason forsook her, she implored the physician to give her hopes—he remained silent—she was convinced of the state of the case—there was no chance of her child's recovery!

Oh! ye who are parents think what the unhappy woman's feelings at this moment must have been—her child not an hour before the accident which was to terminate her existence was the pride of nature; her accomplishments commanded admiration, her virtues—love.

Beautiful, fairest of the fair, her eye sparkled with the glance of triumph and of

expectation, a blushing bride she had been led to the altar, and now in three short days, with all her charms, and all the beauties of her mind, in their full vigour, she was to DIE.

To have heard she *was* dead would have been less torment by a thousand degrees —for here was the same certainty of her loss—and yet the mother knew that she could speak to her—hear her answer —could see her in existence and free from pain, and yet be assured that in a few short hours her eyes would be closed, her tongue mute, and her heart still.

It was grasping a vapour—it must vanish,and the bliss of her society was but as a heavenly charm, to render the horrors of the next day more appalling.

Harriet after the mortification took place was free from all torment, and so perfectly composed in her mind, that she requested to see Musgrave, which request, at the advice of Dr. Mordaunt, was complied with.

Poor Edward ignorant of the real state of his angel's health, imagined, upon hearing her say she was out of pain, and from seeing her so perfectly collected, that she was actually in a state of convalescence; and the room being darkened to prevent his seeing the destruction he had caused in her countenance, he flattered himself that he might still overcome even this misfortune, and still make her his.

Perhaps never was so complete an instance of ill luck:—for a long period of time had he ardently pursued this angelic girl—by a protracted series of calamities he had been forced from her—he had been deluded into a belief of her falsehood, and had married another; even from this he had escaped by a miracle, and had at length received the reward of his attachment in the hand of Harriet Vincent, and now that he was married to the dear object of his affections, he had by his own act and deed destroyed the possibility of ever en-

joying the delights of matrimony, and had with his own hand, hurried from the world, the being he loved best, whose existence was the only thing that could give joy to his own.

This he was not conscious of, but alas! it was too certain, in about half an hour after he had taken his leave of Harriet for the night, she breathed her last—a very slight convulsion was the only prelude to death—she attempted to rise—the effort was too much, and she expired without a groan.

Thus perished the sweetest, the most constant girl that ever lived on earth;—mild, amiable, sincere, and beautiful, she had lived twenty-two short years, through which she had displayed one smooth unruffled mind, implicitly obedient to her parents, strictly faithful to her friends, and firmly constant to her lover, she had never failed in any worldly duty; and now Heaven regarding her as its own, beheld

in her, perfections too sublime for earth, had taken her to itself, a virgin, innocent, unstained, unspotted as the mountain snow, the blooming Harriet saw the world —liked it not—and died.

Yet she did like it—there was one being for whom she wished to live—her Musgrave, her HUSBAND,—her MURDERER,—for him she would have yielded the breath, which for him alone she felt desirous of preserving,—unhappy Edward!

The miserable young man was not informed of her death, he was deceived into a belief, that she had been so much worse since their interview that the physician had insisted upon their not meeting any more; and under this supposition, the melancholy Musgrave drew on his tedious existence in hopes of his restoration to her society, and in this manner they contrived to keep him free from the dreadful fits of insanity which he had been afflicted with when the accident first happened; and which, no

doubt would have returned, had he been made thoroughly acquainted with the result of it.

In the mean time preparations were made for the funeral; and lady Shannon roused herself from the distracted melancholy into which she had fallen, to give directions on the aweful subject: she sat by the coffin's head and watched the countenance of her child,—she wished Musgrave to see it—to take a parting kiss—but she dared not trust him—for he *loved* her—and madness would have been the consequence.

Oh, if any of my readers be in love, and when they read this line, think of the being they adore, and then consider that in one short minute, that being, like Harriet Vincent, may be shrouded in death, how will they feel for poor Musgrave, who, sooner or later, must know of his irreparable loss!

Could you gentle peruser of his fate—could you bear it?—could you see the dear

object of your affection stretched on the bier, and yet remain possessed of all your senses?—could you see the lips which had moved in your praise, closed?—the eyes that had sparkled in your presence, dull?—the heart that had beat for you, still,—and not go mad?

Consider,—not for worlds, could one word in answer to your prayers pass those lips!—not a syllable!—and all your lamentations, all your intreaties could not induce one smile!—touch it—it feels you not;—speak to it— it hears you not;—gaze on it,—it sees you not;—and yet, one short hour before, that inanimate piece of earth would have bounded to meet you, and have pressed you to its breast!—

Oh, reader,—if you *do* love, you'll understand me.

Edward remained confined to his room, anxiously expecting to receive a summons to his dear Harriet, who they informed him was in a state of recovery, but that he must wait patiently, and that in time he would see her.

This deception was cruel;—he wrote to her—he addressed verses to her—and determined to give them to her when they met.—It was a hymn to Providence, he had written—he kept it near him,—he fully expected the long wished for permission to visit her every day.

The solemn morning at length arrived when the remains of Harriet were to be committed to the ground; if there is one thing that can inspire the feeling mind with awe more than another, it is the melancholy pomp of such a ceremony.

The milk-white plumes waved in the air as the pampered steeds drew to the door, the hearse in which the angel form of the lovely Harriet was to be conveyed to the grave,—the bell tolled heavily,—and Lady Shannon took the last farewell of her darling child,—the men mechanically screwed down the coffin lid,—and she could never see her again.——

They moved her,—the fragile form of the beautiful girl that was wont to lay on

downy beds, prepared with all the care attendants could bestow, now was lifted on the shoulders of unfeeling, hardened beings, who have no sense of decency, no sense of shame; and she whose beauties her doating mother had shielded carefully even from a summer's gale, was now exposed in a hard rude coffin to the damps and dews.—Yes, —She was dead!—She was dead!

The procession moved on,—Musgrave was sleeping in his chamber,—the servant had left him,—he woke with the noise of the horses which composed the cavalcade, —he ran to the window,—he saw the funeral,—he trembled in every limb,—he feared the truth,—he called to a person standing in the crowd and asked whose burying the one then passing was?

His death blow did he receive in the answer,

"It is Miss Vincent's!"

From that moment his reason forsook him; the carelessness of his attendants was

the cause of his knowing it,—so however it was,—madness,—raving madness ensued,—the most eminent of men of the faculty were called to his assistance,—but in vain.—The disorder settled on his brain and he never was able to converse rationally afterwards.

The last time I saw him was in the month of September, 1807. He was then walking on a piece of common near Brixton causeway,—he was attended by a man, and was watching the carriages on the road attentively,—I passed near him,—and looked him full in the face,—he stared wildly round,—and did not recognize me,—I walked on.——

Thus, then, ended the career of the "MAN OF SORROW,"—a short life was his and a most melancholy one;—Lady Shannon, shortly after the death of her daughter, was separated from her earl, and now boards with two other ladies at Ealing in Middlesex,—Lucy Delmar has had one son, his father's darling, and promises fair

to add another to the family,—she *has met her reward* on earth in her husband,—of whom it suffices to say that he deserves her for a wife.

Milton is still in parliament and therefore out of prison,—his oratory is confined to an AYE or NO, and he follows the minister in as orderly a manner as a lap dog does a fine lady,—and much for the same motive,—for what he can get.————

My task reader is now done,—I have recounted the history of Musgrave as I heard it, and I draw from it this one conclusion, that had Mrs. Vincent regarded her daughter's happiness in the first instance, *she* would now have been the happy wife of an affectionate husband, but that dæmon AVARICE destroyed the tender ties of nature, and prompted her to acts of force towards her child, whence sprung all the sorrows of the constant couple.

FINIS.

J. D. Dewick, Printer,
46 Barbican.